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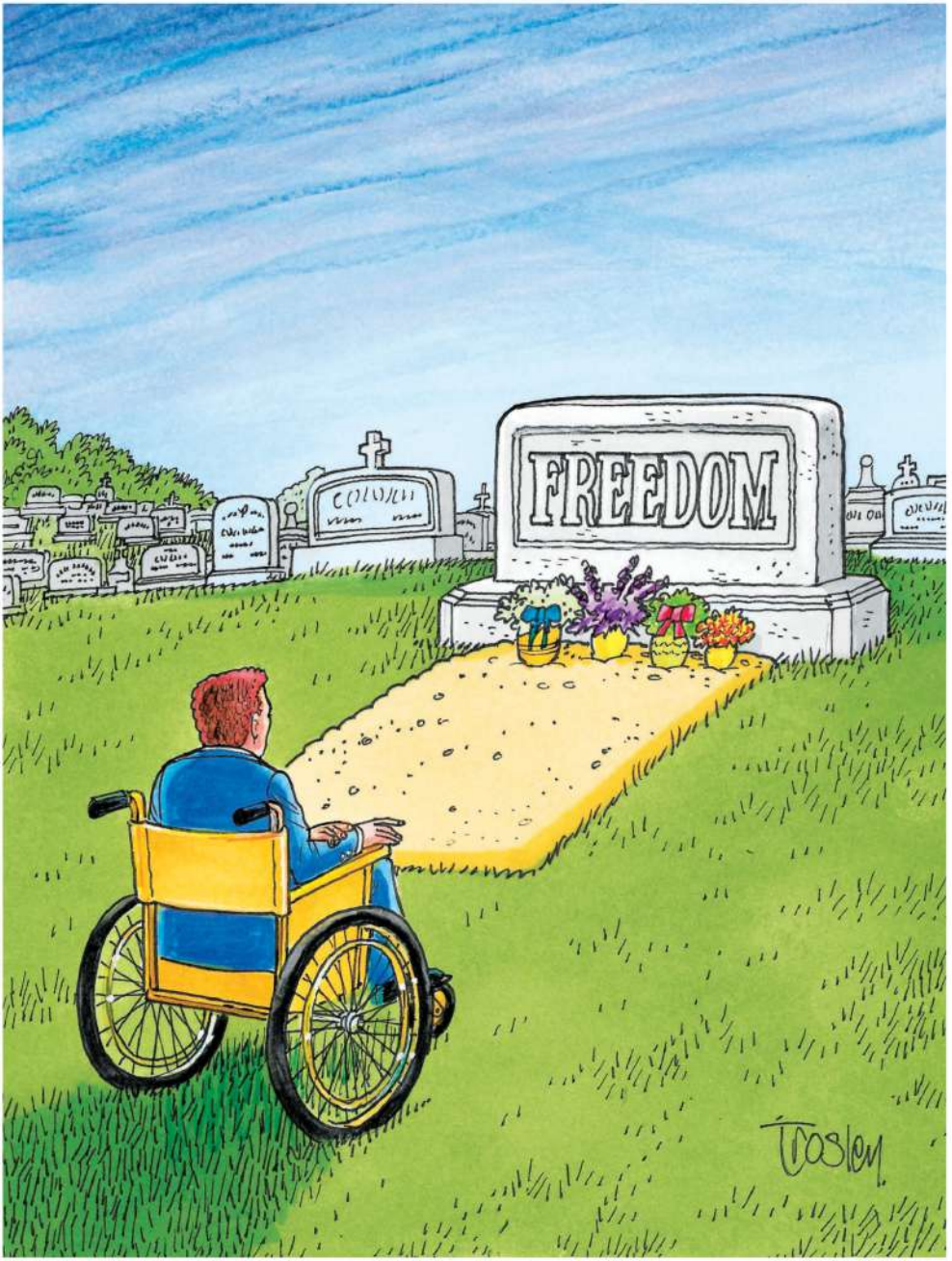

"I always thought I'd be the first to go, old friend..."

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TRUMP'S TAX-CUT SMOKE AND MIRRORS

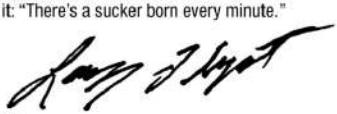
Trump and the Republicans are once again proposing massive new tax cuts to solve the nation's many problems. They cite Reagan's big tax cuts in 1986 as a model for spurring economic growth, but there's a problem with that rationale: You see, the decade *before* Reagan's tax cuts actually saw higher growth than the decade *after*. In fact, during Reagan's two terms America went from world's greatest *creditor* nation to world's greatest *debtor* nation, a stunning reversal from which we have never recovered. A major reason for this turnabout was Reagan's lavish, debt-based defense spending—exactly what Trump is proposing.

In recent years, when corporations and the wealthy have received a windfall—from incentives to repatriate profits held in offshore accounts, for instance—they have not invested the money in business expansion and job creation, as the GOP propaganda would have us believe, but rather stock options for short-term financial gain. Plus, with unemployment now at a 17-year low, most economists believe massive tax cuts just don't make any sense, except to fill the pockets of Donald Trump's rich cronies, who have been parking their money in offshore tax shelters. All of this hidden loot was exposed by the Paradise Papers last November, the result of an investigation by 380 international journalists pouring through 67 years' worth of records.

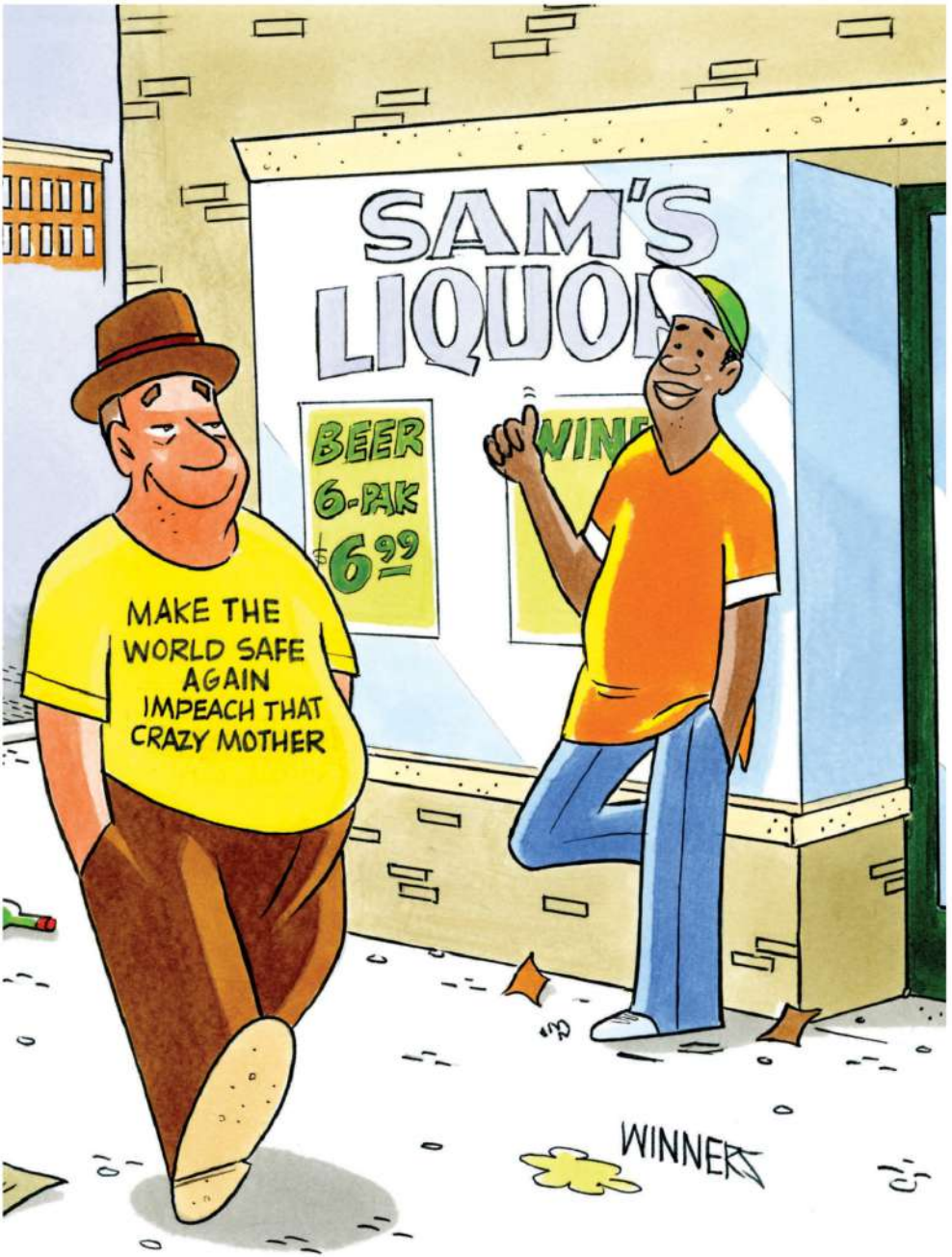
Guess who's on that list of big-time tax evaders? Before he became secretary of state, Rex Tillerson was CEO of ExxonMobil when it hid about $51 billion in tax havens located in the Bahamas, Bermuda and the Cayman Islands. Trump's treasury secretary, Steve Mnuchin, operated a scheme at CIT Bank where customers could purchase personal aircraft worth tens of millions of dollars to avoid sales taxes. And the list goes on: Randal Quarles, a vice chairman at the Federal Reserve; Jon Huntsman, the new ambassador to Russia; Kenneth Juster, the ambassador to India; Jay Clayton, the new SEC chairman; Ben Carson, the HUD secretary—all are named in the Paradise Papers for operating massive tax-evasion shelters offshore.

Now Trump wants to give these champion tax dodgers another big break! It's being called the Leona Helmsley tax plan. Recall how that rich bitch said, "We don't pay taxes. Only the little people pay taxes." Think of all the things that could have been funded had the nation not been robbed of that revenue! Journalist Thomas Frank says it best: "We endure potholes and live in fear of collapsing highway bridges because our leaders wanted these very special people to have an even larger second yacht. Our kids sit in overcrowded classrooms in underfunded schools so that a handful of exalted individuals can relax on their own private beach."

Some poor souls still believe that Donald Trump is a real "man of the people" devoted to their welfare over that of the top one percent! He's made an art out of swindling contractors and students, and now he's about to swindle the whole middle class again with his fake populism. P.T. Barnum said it, and Donald Trump has devoted his life to proving it: "There's a sucker born every minute."



Larry Flynt
Publisher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TAX HEAVEN

AN OCEAN OF LEAKED DOCUMENTS EXPOSES HOW THE RICH AND POWERFUL HIDE THEIR MONEY FROM THE TAXMAN.

Heard of the Paradise Papers? You haven't if you still believe in the official American fantasy that honest hard work is the path to prosperity. The Paradise Papers comprise the latest trove of purloined documents from financial institutions, primarily in the Caribbean, and reveal that those of us who abide by the rules, working hard and paying our taxes until it hurts, are playing a sucker's game.

The folks who make the really big bucks—the millionaires and billionaires who reap even more riches as large-scale investors—manage to avoid taxes on a huge chunk of their earnings by storing it in secret offshore accounts. We're talking trillions of dollars. Yet this scam is perfectly legal according to the U.S. tax code.

A couple of years back, after a previous mass release of such documents (the Panama Papers), I went to visit the scene of the "crime" and was startled to find—in the Cayman Islands and elsewhere—nothing more than some forlorn structures containing thousands of post office boxes. They serve as mailing addresses of companies that rarely convene their directors and pay no taxes or in any serious way account for their activities to local authorities, who are rewarded for looking away. These phony "corporate offices" produce nothing but a pretext for their various proprietors to avoid paying taxes back home, in the nations to which they profess to be loyal.

An unidentified source breached a Bermuda-based law firm specializing in tax shelters and hit paydirt: 13.4 million files, dated from 1950 to 2016, detailing how the rich and powerful hide their wealth. They were obtained by the German newspaper *Süddeutsche Zeitung* and shared by the International Consortium of Investigative Journalists and its media partners. As the BBC reported, "Overall the financial dealings of a dozen current and former world leaders, more than 120 politicians and public officials and countless billionaires, celebrities and sports stars were exposed."

We regular Joes risk an audit by claiming a partial business expense for the family car to shave a few bucks off our tax bill. Meanwhile the Internal Revenue Service seems to be far less diligent when an individual or business entity wants to squirrel away money in notorious tax havens like the Cayman Islands, Bermuda, Barbados and the Bahamas.

One prominent figure mentioned in the Paradise Papers is New England Patriots owner Robert Kraft. A big contributor to various political campaigns, including a million bucks to the Trump inauguration festivities, Kraft is just one of America's professional sports magnates who refuse to play fair. They routinely expect tax breaks for their businesses while, in some cases, stashing billions in offshore accounts to avoid paying their fair share of taxes.

The leaked documents also disclosed that the owners of the National Basketball Association's Boston Celtics and Miami Heat and the National Hockey League's Carolina Hurricanes have offshore holdings. The list goes on and on, including two members of President Donald Trump's Cabinet—Secretary of State Rex Tillerson and Secretary of Commerce Wilbur Ross—and Gary Cohn, his chief economic adviser.

After reviewing the latest treasure trove of leaked financial secrets, journalist Thomas Frank—a brilliant chronicler of our country's ever-widening wealth disparity—concluded, "Everyone with money seems to be in on it. We're also learning that maybe we've had it backwards all along. Tax havens on some tropical islands aren't some sideshow to Western capitalism; they are a central reality."

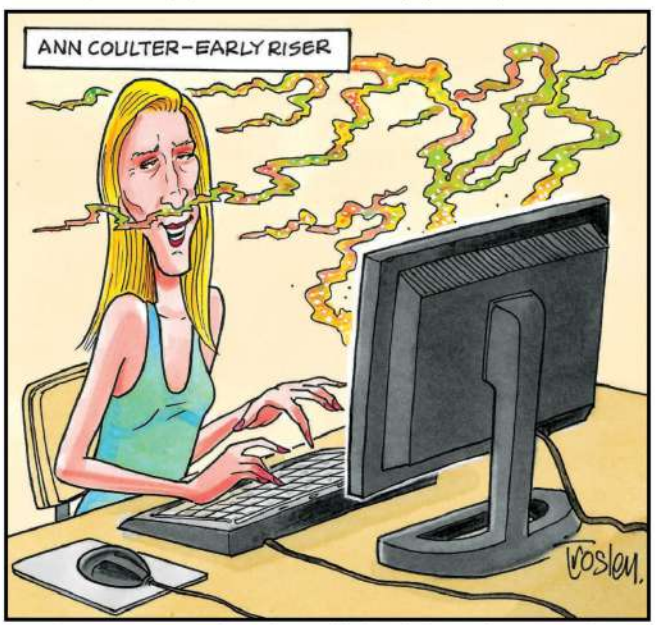
The reality is that the people who most benefit from the immensely costly military and police power deployed to protect the property of the rich do not want to pony up for that protection. They love having taxpayer-funded warplanes flying over their sporting events and other spectacles, but want the rest of us to pay for that ridiculously expensive display of patriotism.

The fat cats need a modern infrastructure of roads and rail lines to access and transport resources, but won't put up the money to fill potholes along the way. They rip off the services of the best research universities and hire the finest-trained graduates, but avoid taxes that would pay to upgrade America's severely endangered educational system.

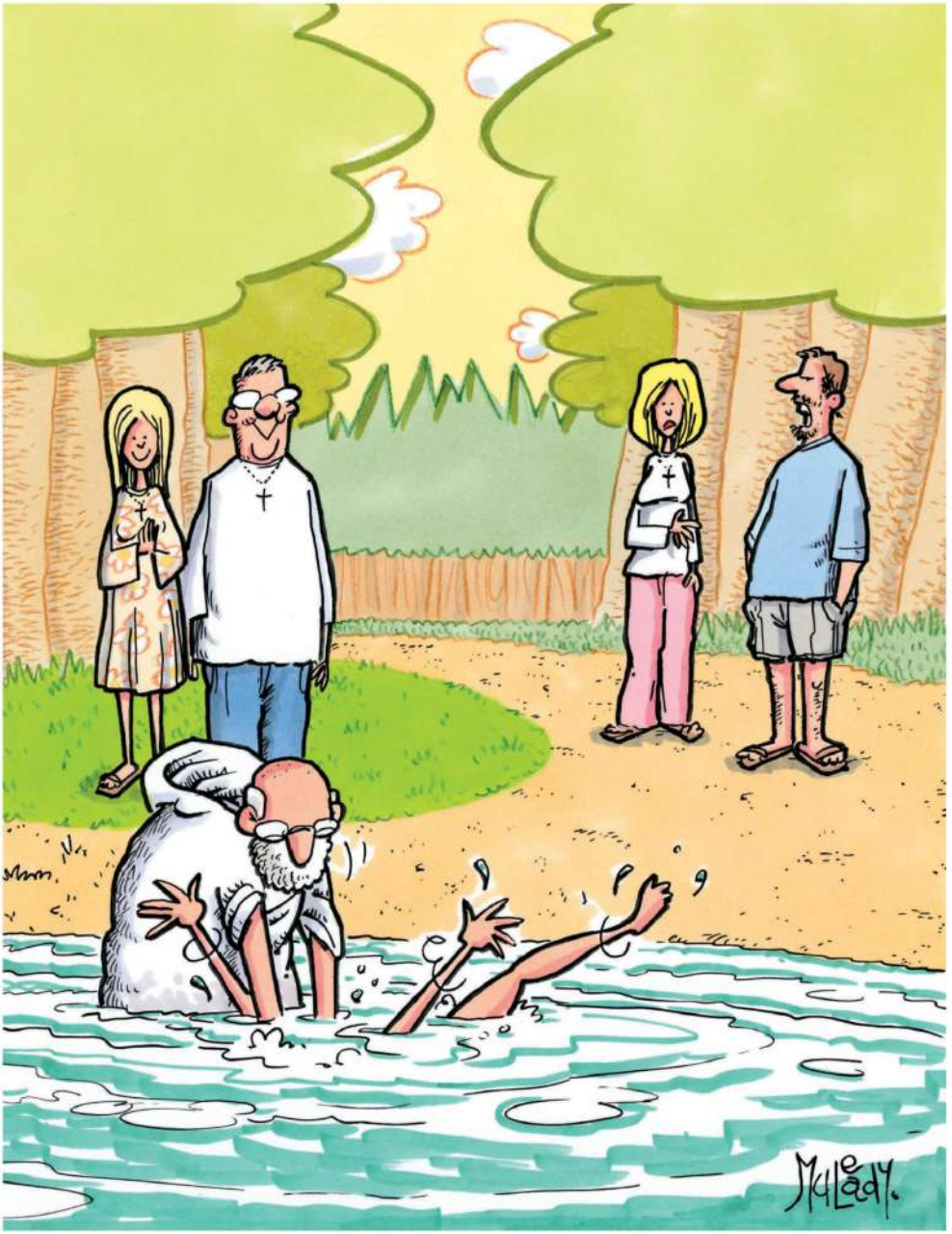
They want safe cosmopolitan cities in which to shop, dine and raise their children, but will do nothing to meet the cries of desperation from the armies of homeless people growing exponentially throughout the so-called civilized world.

As for Robert Kraft and his tax-haven compadres, their hidden money may be safe, but at what expense to their country and their fellow Americans? H

Robert Scheer, who spent almost 30 years as a *Los Angeles Times* columnist and editor, is now editor of **TruthDig.com**. His latest book is *They Know Everything About You: How Data-Collecting Corporations and Snooping Government Agencies Are Destroying Democracy.*



"Mmmmm...I just love the smell of bullshit in the morning!"



"I changed my mind about being a born-again Christian. I don't wanna belong to a religion that waterboards my ass at the very beginning."

"THIS CASE IS EVERYTHING"

ONE MAN ON THE U.S. SUPREME COURT MAY SOON DETERMINE WHETHER DEMOCRACY IN AMERICA LIVES OR DIES.

The future of our representative system of government is now at the mercy of the U.S. Supreme Court's stolen conservative majority. The Court will soon have the opportunity to make a ruling that could help determine which political party controls Congress and state legislatures for decades.

According to *The New York Times*, the outcome of *Gill* v. *Whitford*—a case involving Wisconsin's legislative maps—"could transform the American political landscape." It is time for the Court to finally rein in the act of manipulating electoral boundaries to perpetuate the power of an incumbent political party—i.e., partisan gerrymandering.

After the GOP takeover of many state legislatures in 2010, the party employed an unprecedented level of sophisticated computer mapping to rig Congressional and state legislative elections. It ensured advantages that were almost impossible for Democratic candidates to overcome even when they were favored by a clear majority of voters.

For example, after the 2010 census, Republicans reconfigured electoral district boundaries in Wisconsin. Despite garnering only 48.6% of votes in the 2012 elections, the GOP won an extraordinary 60-to-39 seat majority in the state Assembly.

"Republicans reinvented the gerrymander in 2010 and 2011," journalist David Daley told me after witnessing oral arguments in *Gill* v. *Whitford*. "This is not the same kind of gerrymander that you had 'back in the day.' This is different."

Daley, the author of *Ratf**ked: The True Story Behind the Secret Plan to Steal America's Democracy*, explained, "This is space-age extreme gerrymandering on steroids. It has given Republicans huge advantages in all of these states that they control. Ohio, a very swing state, is represented by 12 Republicans and four Democrats [in the U.S. House of Representatives]. Michigan is 9-5, even though Democrats in 2012 got a quarter of a million more votes. These are 50-50 states, and it has made our politics deeply uncompetitive. There's no swing in these swing districts.... On these maps, no seats have gone from red to blue this entire decade."

The Supreme Court has held racial gerrymandering to be unconstitutional, but it has never ruled on whether purely partisan gerrymandering violates the Constitutional rights of voters. But it may do so thanks to a three-judge U.S. District Court panel, which ordered Wisconsin to redraw its maps on those grounds. The Badger State appealed that ruling to the nation's highest court.

After oral arguments, *The Nation*'s John Nichols succinctly described the 2016 Congressional elections in a tweet: "How gerrymandering works: Ds beat Rs by 1.4 million votes in race for House seats. Rs get 234 seats to 201 for Ds."

"This case is everything," Daley emphasized. Depending on the outcome, it could result in judicial challenges to electoral maps in virtually every state. "If this case is not decided on the side of democracy, on the side of competitive elections, there will be nothing to stop Republicans, who are likely to be holding the pens in all of these states in 2021 [after the next census] from doing the same thing, only with more sophisticated technology....It will be 2031 before Democrats get another shot at the maps if this case is decided the other way."

Daley sees *Gill* v. *Whitford* as "potentially bigger" than 2010's *Citizens United* case (which gutted campaign finance laws) and 2013's *Shelby County* (which gutted the Voting Rights Act). "This is the future of our democracy right here. Republicans launched...a strategy to rule from the minority."

Based on questioning at oral arguments, observers believe the Court is split, with Justice Anthony Kennedy likely to decide the matter. "Essentially there was an audience of one," Daley recalled. The attorneys on both sides and the eight other justices seemed to be making their arguments directly to the 81-year-old Ronald Reagan appointee.

Incredibly, Kennedy's fellow Republican justices seemed to believe the matter should not be decided by the courts, but be left to the GOP-rigged legislatures that created this mess. "In Michigan this last decade," Daley said, "Democrats have gotten more total votes every time. Republicans have kept control. This is the case in state after state.... We need the Court here to come in and fix democracy."

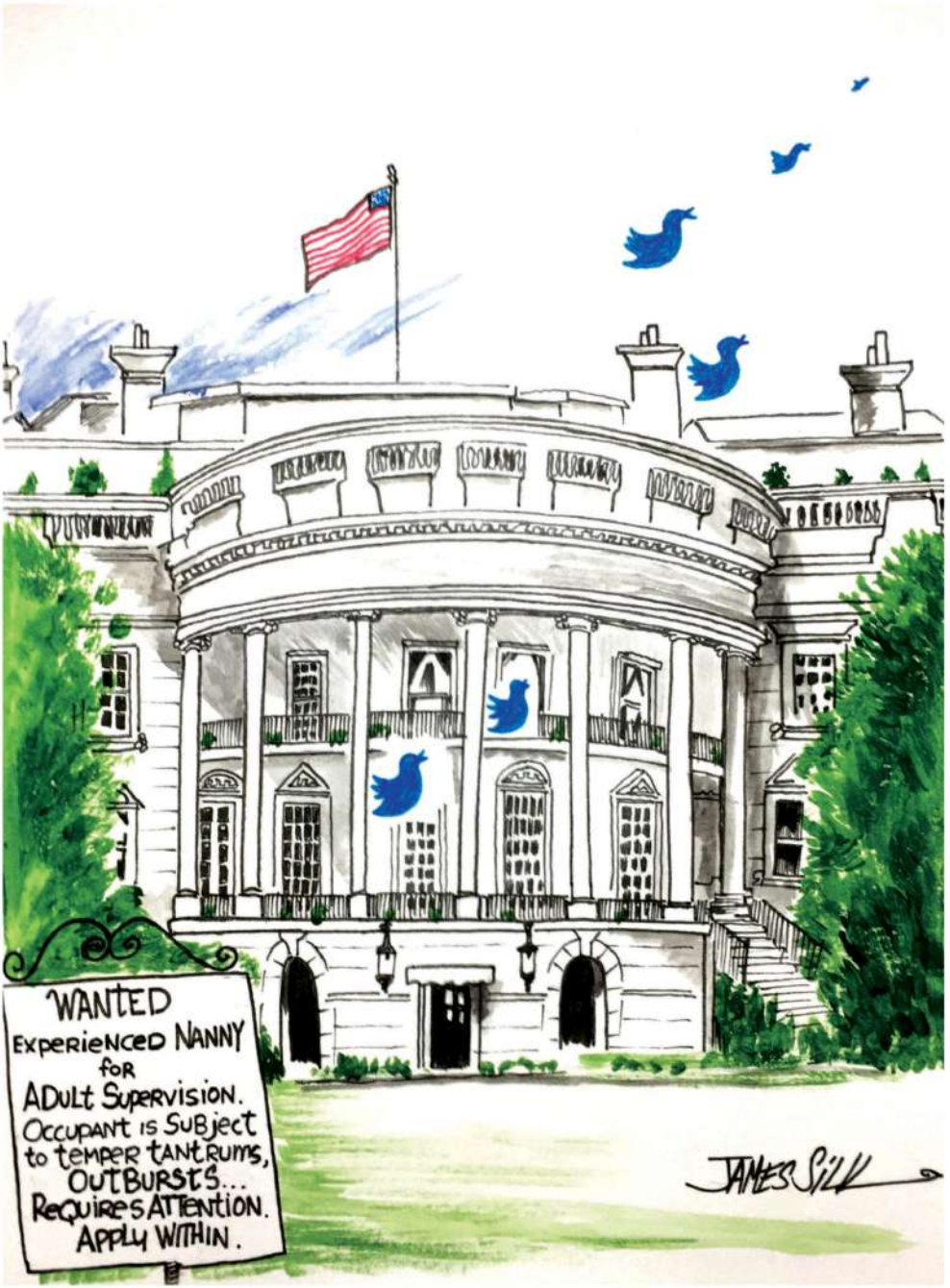
Since Justice Kennedy is expected to step down in the near future, he will likely be replaced by an appointee of President Trump's. Daley warned we will then get a fifth justice willing to say the courts should stay out of the matter and "wipe it off the board as a Supreme Court issue forevermore."

The *Gill* v. *Whitford* decision, which almost assuredly would have come down in favor of voters and democracy had Senate Republicans not been allowed to steal the seat vacated by the late Justice Antonin Scalia, is expected in June. Daley noted, "The Court is the only institution that can solve this problem. The Court is the last institution that stands in the way of, essentially, one-party minority rule. ... We've got to be sure that votes count, that participation is high and representation is fair, and that it actually represents the sentiment of the country."

Daley added, "[Founding Father] James Madison talked about the House being a 'replica of the public in miniature.' We are so far from that now, and we've got to find a way to get back to it. Gerrymandering is toxic to it." H

Brad Friedman is a Los Angeles-based investigative journalist, radio host of the nationally syndicated *BradCast*, political commentator, troublemaker and publisher of *The Brad Blog* (**BradBlog.com**).

"We used to be the 'fake news' channel, but now that dumb fuck Trump is giving everyone else the credit! Asshole!"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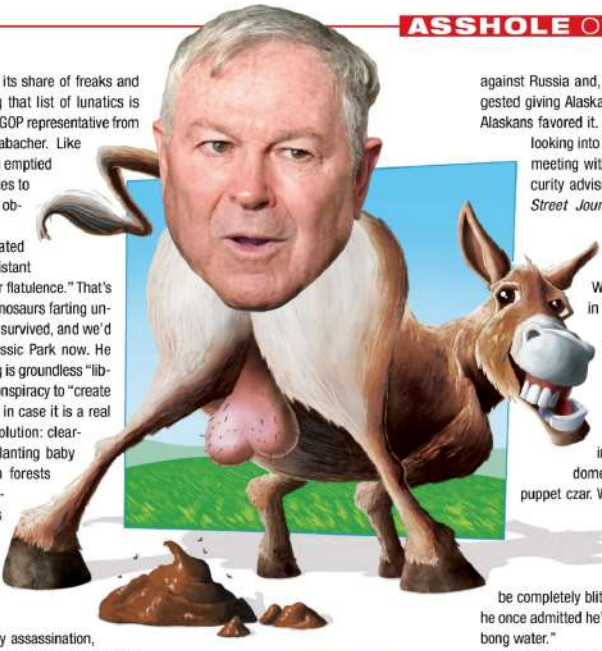

DANA ROHRABACHER

California has produced its share of freaks and crackpots, but topping that list of lunatics is the 29-year incumbent GOP representative from Orange County, Dana Rohrabacher. Like an outhouse that hasn't been emptied for three decades, he continues to burp out blasts of ever more obnoxious effluvia.

The man has actually stated that climate change in the distant past was caused by "dinosaur flatulence." That's right—if it hadn't been for dinosaurs farting uncontrollably, they might have survived, and we'd all be living in one big Jurassic Park now. He thinks current global warming is groundless "liberal claptrap" and part of a conspiracy to "create global government." But just in case it is a real problem, he suggests one solution: clear-cutting rain forests and replanting baby trees! Never mind that rain forests are the real lungs of the planet, absorbing vast quantities of greenhouse gas CO_2 and producing life-sustaining oxygen. It's a safe bet that Rohrabacher flunked Biology 101.

About the Robert Kennedy assassination, he once claimed that another Arab had been arrested that night, so it might have been a broader Palestinian plot. True, there are many questions about the RFK hit, but no one aside from Dana the Dunce has ever proposed such a quack theory. Continuing down the garden path to the nuthouse, he suggested that Google was suppressing search results for fellow whack job Dinesh D'Souza's anti-Obama film, and that Obama actually allowed the four Americans in Benghazi to die in order to ensure his reelection. How the hell that makes sense no one knows. Topping that absurdity, he claimed that the riots at the Charlottesville "Unite the Right" rally last August ensued from a conspiracy of liberals. "It was a setup for these dumb Civil War reenactors," Rohrabacher said. "It was left-wingers who were manipulating them in order to have this confrontation…to put our President on the spot."

We can add Logic 101 to Dana's flunk list. He's like that lameass kid in high school who never did his homework because he was too busy trying to hang with the cool thugs, bullies and future jailbirds. One of his best pals is disgraced lobbyist/con man Jack Abramoff. After helping Abramoff fraudulently obtain a $60-million loan to buy his fleet of casino boats in Florida, Dana described the shyster as a "good person" and "patriot." He's also buddy-buddy with Paul Manafort, having received a sizable campaign contribution from the shady Republican operator recently indicted by Robert Mueller's Russian-collusion investigation.

And he has a real bromance with Erik Prince, brother of Trump's education secretary Betsy DeVos and founder of the mercenary firm Blackwater. Rohrabacher says he wants to terminate our endless war in Afghanistan, which sounds like a good thing. But what he really wants to do is "privatize" that war, backing his pal Prince's plan to do just that.

If all this is not enough to prove his inane assholery, consider that Rohrabacher was an early supporter of the Taliban when it was about to turn Afghanistan into a medieval horror show. He argued that the Taliban was good for stability, that they were building a disciplined, moral society and that their threat to the West was "nonsense." He even met with Taliban foreign minister Mullah Wakil Ahmed Muttawakil and praised him as "thoughtful and inquisitive…flexible."

As the disastrous War on Terrorism dragged on, Rohrabacher defended the Bush Administration's "extraordinary rendition" torture program, stating that abusing innocent detainees was an acceptable but "unfortunate consequence" of counterterrorism operations. When the crowd booed him, he shot back, "I hope it's your families that suffer the consequences." He ignored testimony by three members of the European parliament that extraordinary rendition was both hindering the prosecution of terrorists and serving as a terrorist recruitment tool. Listen up, Dana Dumbfuck—if justice prevails, perhaps someday you will get waterboarded and tortured for information that you don't have!

It very well might take waterboarding to make Rohrabacher confess his role as Vladimir Putin's dupe in Congress. In 2016 Republican congressman Kevin McCarthy told GOP leaders, "There's two people I think Putin pays: Rohrabacher and Trump. Swear to God." Rohrabacher once got into a drunken arm-wrestling contest with Putin, and it looks like Putin won. Dana has since defended Russia's annexation of Crimea, tried to overturn the Magnitsky Act sanctions against Russia and, believe it or not, actually suggested giving Alaska back to Russia if a majority of Alaskans favored it. Lately Robert Mueller has been looking into Rohrabacher's September 2016 meeting with disgraced former national security adviser Michael Flynn. And *The Wall Street Journal* has recently reported on Rohrabacher's attempt to broker a deal that would have ended U.S. legal troubles for WikiLeaks founder Julian Assange in exchange for "evidence" that Russia wasn't the source of the hacked emails published on that website.

Nobody in D.C. would be shocked if Rohrabacher proposed replacing the capitol building with a big Kremlin-style onion dome where he could rule as Putin's puppet czar. We think Rohrabacher may have toked too much of California's killer weed. The online pundit *Wonkette* claims that he often seems to be completely blitzed, and *Mother Jones* reported he once admitted he's done "everything but drink the bong water."

A second explanation for his actions could be simple brain poisoning by E. coli: In 2010 Rohrabacher, his wife and triplet kids rented an immaculate million-dollar home in Costa Mesa for $3,350 per month. They promptly changed the locks and refused to allow owner Robert Polyniak to conduct annual inspections. When the tenants finally left in 2012, Polyniak found something like an animal house occupied by Neanderthals. As the *OC Weekly* reported: "Massive black stains and muck covered the carpet throughout the home. Sticky grime encased damaged, rusted appliances…. Walls inexplicably contained odd holes, nail polish, wax and some smelly substance that may have been feces. Every toilet seat in the house was broken. The ceilings showed smoke damage…. Clumps of hair and remnants of what may have been balloons or some other rubbery material clogged sinks…[a] bedroom contained a huge, mysterious, lubricant-like stain—something you might expect on the floor of a Hollywood sex club—that had seeped through thick carpet and padding to tarnish a hardwood floor…. And, no joke, white maggots squirmed underneath a kitchen stove that may not have ever been cleaned."

To top it off, Rohrabacher actually demanded $20,000 from Polyniak for not refunding his security deposit and threatened a criminal probe against Polyniak by his buddy, Orange County D.A. Tony Rackauckas.

Dana the Human Dumpster managed to turn a million-dollar house into a godawful shithole pigsty. And for nearly 30 years he's done the same thing to the House of Representatives, smearing its hallowed walls with a nonstop barrage of reeking verbal turds and legislative diarrhea. We can only hope the good people of Orange County come to their senses and finally Roto-Root this Asshole out of office. H

PHOTO BY DPA PICTURE ALLIANCE/ALAMY

7-INCHES FOR PLANNED PARENTHOOD

When evil forces collude to oppress the innocent and vulnerable, we must resist and push back. This can be in the form of protest, civil disobedience, boycott and, in extreme cases, vinyl.

Politicians and lawmakers hailing from the Ninth Circle of Hell have had their sights set on Planned Parenthood since, well, forever. If these scaly green demons get their way, PP will be shut down and millions of Americans will lose vital access to basic health services, including STD testing and treatment, birth control and cancer screenings.

To help raise funds in the face of crippling cutbacks, artists of all stripes are contributing to *7-Inches for Planned Parenthood*. The all-vinyl compilation, a beautiful pink and white box set, includes material from a dizzying array of musicians, comedians and writers: Foo Fighters, Björk, Jenny Slate, Arca, Margaret Atwood and St. Vincent to name just a few.

All songs and content are donated, and Planned Parenthood will receive 100% of the proceeds from the sale of the box set and streaming listens—so dig deep, audiophiles! To buy yours, go to the website **7InchesForPlannedParenthood.com**, click the "BUY BOXSET" button, and then follow the instructions from there. Price at press time is $100, but this is sure to become a collector's item. So don't dillydally in supporting this amazing cause!

CELEB FETISH FILES

Celebrities are people too. They laugh; they cry; they love and feel loss…and sometimes indulge in the sweet stank of a woman's foot.

U.K. heartthrob and all-around genius actor Idris Elba can speak to the latter, though perhaps not without blushing. When promoting the film *The Mountain Between Us* with Kate Winslet, the *Titanic* actress described the moment she discovered her costar's foot fetish.

Apparently, prior to filming a love scene, Elba asked Winslet to "keep your socks on." Winslet, initially offended, assumed it was because he found her feet to be offensive or off-putting, but… "It's the opposite, ladies and gentleman," Winslet proclaimed with a smile. "Idris *loves* feet."

Of course, Elba is hardly the only famous person to entertain a fetish. For example, Eva Longoria allegedly admitted that she enjoys being tied down with silk scarves; rumor has it Kristen Stewart loves to have her armpits licked (also known as maschalagnia); in an interview, Ricky Martin mentioned his fondness for golden showers; Carmen Electra found pleasure in being spanked with a metal coat hanger; and Shaquille O'Neal is said to be into menophilia, which is when one is aroused by menstrual blood.

Elba should take comfort in knowing that he's in good company. Having a fetish is both normal and healthy—unless you're Donald Trump in a Russian hotel.

"The human foot is a masterpiece of engineering and a work of art." —LEONARDO DA VINCI, POLYMATH

THE REAL FAKE NEWS: EPA TO CRACK DOWN ON ENVIRONMENT

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Amid concern surrounding his recent appointment of a smoldering raccoon carcass to the EPA's Science Advisory Board, EPA head Scott Pruitt has doubled down on his controversial leadership, calling for the "complete and total elimination of the environment by 2024."

"In the entire history of mankind, any person who's ever died, ever, has had some level of contact with the environment," Pruitt told reporters. "Since its inception during the liberal Nixon Administration, the EPA has done little to stem the deadly tide, but we finally have the tools and the political will to destroy this silent killer once and for all."

"The President has full faith in EPA Administrator Pruitt's genocidal vision," said a White House spokesperson. "We've been protecting the environment, but what has it ever done for us? It's yet another bad Obama-era deal that needs renegotiating. The time of unchecked Big Environment is over. We're going to drain the swamps."

But not all agree that eliminating the environment is a prudent course of action. "It could be catastrophic for every living being on Earth," claims one cautious, low-ranking EPA official, on condition of anonymity. "It's no longer about deregulation as usual. There have been rumors of crashing the moon into the Pacific Ocean in an effort to shrink the perceived environmental threat. It's all very troubling."

The specific means of destroying the environment, however, has not been disclosed.

"We've taken nothing off the table at this point," said Pruitt. "Axes, saws, hammers, fire, fireworks, probably hair spray, all aerosols really, defoliants, tanks, bombs, nuclear weapons, or perhaps a very large wall to keep the environment from illegally entering the country. It's a very big table."

***DISCLAIMER: THIS IS FAKE NEWS AND IS NOT TO BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY. FOR FAKE NEWS THAT IS MEANT TO BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY, TUNE IN TO* FOX & FRIENDS.**

PHOTO BY KIRK TREAKLE/ALAMY

"*Slut* is such an ugly word... I prefer *behaviorally challenged*."

"But he's my best friend!"

"Having Pruitt in charge of the U.S. Environmental Protection Agency is like putting an arsonist in charge of fighting fires." —THE SIERRA CLUB

STONERS & BONERS

If you worry that too much pot is hindering your sex life, fret no more, because science has stepped up with some sweet vindication to offset your chronic paranoia.

"Doctor, is marijuana responsible for my lackluster sexual performance?" The question comes up often enough that one physician decided to look into it and, oddly, found the exact opposite to be true.

In a study for the *Journal of Sexual Medicine* (as reported by CNN), Dr. Michael Eisenberg set his sights on the *National Survey of Family Growth*, wherein more than 28K women and nearly 23K men were asked how often they had sex in the four weeks prior to the survey and how frequently they used marijuana in the past year.

Women who didn't use marijuana reported having sex 6 times (on average) in that four-week period as opposed to an average of 7.1 times for women who smoked pot daily. Similarly for men, the nonsmokers averaged 5.6, while daily users reported getting it on 6.9 times.

What does this mean? The study doesn't do much to explain why there might be a connection between weed and better, more frequent sex. But that's not to say Eisenberg doesn't have his own theories—for example, marijuana may promote increased sensitivity during sex, and its illicit status can arguably promote intimacy. Here at HUSTLER we just know that horny and high go together like vanilla and chocolate. Speaking of which, that sounds delicious right about now…

"Make the most you can of the Indian hemp seed and sow it everywhere." —GEORGE WASHINGTON, FOUNDING FATHER

IS YOUR SEX TOY SECURE?

Before you invest in that vibrating Bluetooth butt plug, a word of warning: Use password protection, and don't choose an idiot configuration like 0000 or 1234. Because the future is now, and anyone can hack into anything. See where this is going?

Modern toys can be downright fun. Wires are such a nuisance, and sex toys that can be controlled remotely via smartphone apps are both kinky and convenient. However, *IFLScience* recently reported on an experiment conducted by the cybersecurity nerds at Pen Test Partners. The kids bought themselves a "smart" (Bluetooth) butt plug to analyze it for vulnerabilities (accessibility, password protection, etc). Then they hit the streets of Berlin to test out users' blind spots to sex toy cybersecurity. Most of the toys they came across were not PIN protected or had inanely simple PINs.

The researchers did not connect to any devices without consent and are adamant that this was not an exercise in "kink shaming," but rather a warning for users that not taking proper precautions could result in a complete stranger gaining total control over a motorized latex device lodged firmly in your anus.

Even your personal information might be at stake—a woman recently sued the makers of We-Vibe Rave for allegedly collecting "private usage information" from her smart sex toy. Granted, preferred vibration setting is a far cry from your social security number, but it's the principle—right?

"We always do it doggy-style, honey. How about we try some other positions?"

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IZABELLA

LOVING LIFE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
DAVIDE ESPOSITO

I first became a model for the money, but now I have a passion for it. I've gotten to see exotic places like Dubai, Thailand, Maldives and Morocco.

"I like to drink, dance and then drink and dance some more. Life is about having fun, and I'm always having fun. Almost all of my sexual fantasies have come true, but I still want to try sex with two men. So far my only threeway was with my boyfriend and my best girlfriend after we passed our lessons at university.

"I chose the stage name **Izabella** because it's a Ukrainian wine. When I did my first shoot, that's what I was drinking. Makes sense, yes?"

IZABELLA'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Kiev, Ukraine** | AGE: **22** | HEIGHT: **5-10**
MEASUREMENTS: **37D-25-37** | FAVORITE POSITION: **Doggy**

ROAD-TRIPPING
WITH STOYA

Photographer Steve Prue and I have a professional relationship that has yielded many spreads for brand-name girlie mags, a number of photosets for nude websites and a plethora of behind-the-scenes shots. We even published a book together, called *Stoya x Team Rockstar*.

We've also been roommates for the better part of six years. When I briefly flirted with a return to Los Angeles and promptly noped back home to NYC's public transit and concrete towers, Steve drove the moving truck containing my belongings, my cats and myself across the country.

I grew up in the southern United States, and road trips were very much a part of that life. In the South it was no big deal to hop in the car for a visit to a historical landmark three states over, or to see family.

Those of us who live in the coastal cities tend to forget that there's a whole other America. When we reside in, for instance, Los Angeles or New York, we sometimes begin to refer to the rest of the country as "flyover," or we cease to refer to it at all.

In the wake of the last Presidential election we've all been reminded of just how much political, religious and ideological diversity exists in our country. With all the rhetoric about making America great again, I've become nostalgic for the things that symbolize the, well, chiller and more relaxed America. And what's more American than roadside tourist attractions and full-frontal nudity?

So I present, like a postcard from the pre-Trump era, the saga of our great cross-country road adventure… >>

TRAVELOGUE BY STOYA
PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEVE PRUE

We're leaving California to enter Arizona. Signs by the highway declare "The Grand Canyon State Welcomes You." We decide to skip the obvious entendre of a split in the earth with water running through it and head towards Tombstone instead. Breakfast is at IHOP, where the brown tables are vaguely sticky with half-dried syrup residue.

Once we're on State Route 80, we pass what looks like a film set—huge lights and a trailer set in the dust a few yards away from the highway. I wonder whether it's a documentary or an independent film.

Tombstone's O.K. Corral, thanks to Hollywood magic, is thought of as the site of a legendary gunfight between the Earps, Doc Holliday and some outlaws who called themselves the Cowboys. This is quite literally the stuff westerns are made of—1957's *Gunfight at the O.K. Corral* ushered the incident into public consciousness.

The altercation actually happened a few buildings away from the corral itself, but *Gunfight in an Empty Lot on Fremont Street* doesn't really have the same ring to it.

I throw some mascara on using the side-view mirror and climb out onto the sidewalk. In front of the historical landmark sign, I pull my shirt up to flash my breasts. We don't have time to wait for the reenactments, and while the thrill of flashing in public was titillating, I'm in a hurry to get out of there before someone catches us. To get back on Interstate 10, we have to backtrack.

As we're approaching those lights again, I realize three things: This is a checkpoint, not a movie set, near the Mexican border; we're in a moving truck; and the glove compartment contains a well-intentioned gift of marijuana from California. I chuck the pot out the window as we're rolling to a stop and frantically light up a cigarette to cover the smell.

The officer wants to know where we're from, where we're headed and how we know each other. This gets complicated rather quickly, and the more I try to explain, the more his eyes glaze over. The more he disengages, the more I linger over details.

Pretty quickly he tells us to go ahead with an air of exhaustion. Steve tells me I'm the Unicorn Princess of Too Much Information and encourages me to look into a career in smuggling. I quip back, "Working in porn and running away with the sideshow that one time isn't edgy enough?"

The cats are staging a noise demo.

AS WE'RE APPROACHING THOSE LIGHTS AGAIN, I REALIZE THREE THINGS: THIS IS A CHECKPOINT, NOT A MOVIE SET, NEAR THE MEXICAN BORDER; WE'RE IN A MOVING TRUCK; AND THE GLOVE COMPARTMENT CONTAINS A WELL-INTENTIONED GIFT OF MARIJUANA FROM CALIFORNIA.

The side of the road is intermittently dotted with stands selling turquoise jewelry. We drive past signs welcoming us to "The Land of Enchantment." The landscape is lovely, vast stretches of desert surround huge rocks reaching into the sky. And I suppose both alien abduction and belief in alien abduction could be considered forms of enchantment.

Roswell, New Mexico, is close to the site of an unidentified flying object crash in the '40s, which fuels conspiracy theories and attracts alien enthusiasts to this day. Many of the local businesses cater to tourists interested in extraterrestrial life, science fiction and kitsch.

To reach Roswell, we have to drive through winding mountain roads. The scenery changes to surprisingly green foliage. As night falls, it starts to rain. Then it starts to rain a lot.

We're hoping to find a giant flying saucer—not the one occupied by McDonald's—in the morning to take good butt shots in front of. The weather is awful though, and after zagging down a few of Roswell's massively wide streets, we give up on an epic outdoor setting and google up a list of the indoor attractions.

Eventually we settle for some more flashing in the International UFO Museum's library—the one area of the building without CCTV cameras. Since I can't climb into the exhibits and it feels unsanitary to rub their books all over my naked skin, I pretend to steal a dossier titled *Abduction Details*. The resulting tableaux is vaguely self-referential, which elicits a giggle from Steve.

We stop at Denny's for dinner, and the staff is utterly checked out. They're barely visible and seem confused by the process of seating people, of handing them menus. We have a delightful time pretending they're all aliens who have been dropped on Earth to report back on mundane subjects like how humans feed ourselves. We imagine them reporting back on the ratio of waffles served to waffles eaten, dutifully tallying every sugary soda refill sucked dry by a customer.

The cats have gone full black-bloc, hurling their whole bodies at their cage and knocking over their water.

Now that the rain has stopped again, I can feel the leather of my shorts sticking to my ass cheeks. My sneaker-clad feet are propped on the dashboard. Sweat beads up on my skin, rolling down my hamstrings from the backs of my knees.

I start to get restless. I've been folded up in the passenger seat for days now. We pull over at a rest stop so I can run around and climb on the picnic tables. It feels nice to stretch out in the sun for a bit. The hot wind dries me off. Steve pulls his skateboard out and rides around before insisting I pose in front of a fence.

As we enter Texas, the state reminds us to drive safely. I support this sentiment wholeheartedly. The narrow two-lane highways are a bit of a squeeze, and something about the distance of the horizon makes spatial geometry deform.

The rain picks up again, and we're slogging through two-foot-high floods alongside trucks that are much larger than ours. I can hear the water splashing against the cabin door as we roll by. I become a human proximity alarm, emitting a high-pitched squeal every time we're passed by a big rig.

We eat at Waffle House. I take the opportunity to pull the storage drives and photo/video equipment out of the back of the truck and stash them under my feet on the passenger side of the cabin. Fortunately nothing was damaged.

The cats have gone limp. They attempt to have a sit-in under the bed in the hotel, passively resisting with all their might when I scoop them back into the carrier. >>

We think about stopping by Austin to say hi to the Fleshlight staff. Then we realize the ranch we're staying at is almost totally in the opposite direction and the detour would add a few hours of driving. Some friends of Steve have offered to put us up for the night and let us shoot a whole spread's worth of photos on their property, which is far enough from the road to give plenty of privacy.

We grab some beer before we enter the dry county to leave as a hosts' gift. Steve has classical manners that way.

Dry counties are something I'd forgotten about. When I lived in North Carolina, we had the ABC stores. They kept shorter hours than most other sorts of stores did. Where we were coming from, Los Angeles, they sell hard liquor at the grocery stores.

The ranch is cozy. I sit in a rocking chair on the front porch with the lights off, taking in the giant night sky dusted with stars far brighter than they appear from a crowded city. The only thing more humbling, to me, is the infinite variety of sexual acts that can occur between even two people.

There's none of that here, but there's a pleasant recollection of a dashing (seriously, dashing) war journalist I'd fallen in mad crush with the prior week. Freshly connected to Wi-Fi, I see I've received an email from him. His note is well written. Fireflies bob and blink across the lawn. The chair gently moves back and forth.

The cats snuggle with me on the bed that night. I think they may have forgiven me.

A PAIR OF MUSCULAR MOVERS EMPTY THE TRUCK AND HAUL EVERYTHING UPSTAIRS. I WONDERED, IF I PRETENDED TO HAVE MISPLACED MY WALLET, WHETHER IT WOULD PLAY OUT LIKE A PORNO.

I take a long shower. I wash my hair with plenty of suds, lather and shave my legs. The home's bathroom feels less sterile than the string of hotels had. The coffee is delicious. When my hair is dry, which doesn't take long in the baking Texas sun, we head over to the moving truck to shoot some less arty, more directly pornographic stills.

I climb into the driver's seat for the first time. I'm already sweating from the sun pouring in through the windshield. I'm happy I didn't bother with foundation or much other makeup—most of it is buried deep in the back of the truck.

The posing is, by this point in my career, second nature. Steve and I have worked together so frequently that we slide into a rhythm, him prompting me to move to the next pose once we've got the exact right shot—the face, body, light and frame all as they should be at once.

I slide my shirt over my head to reveal the strappy bra underneath, pausing with it wrapped around my wrists. My jeans, which are frankly hideous, slide easily off my hips and pool around my ankles.

(What do you wear on moving day?)

I turn my back towards the camera and reach around to unhook my bra, gazing into the lens. My panties—dotted net in the front—have a sketch of a couple 69-ing on the rear. It isn't my favorite position to do, but I think it looks beautiful. I pull the crotch aside to show my pussy.

I step out of the truck and lean against the bumper. The sun-heated metal feels warm against my ass, almost burning. When we've shot enough photos, we head out to Louisiana, which, of course, has welcome signs in French.

We eat at Cracker Barrel. I stare at the walls stuffed with Things to Decorate With, and understand the success of Michaels. The triangular peg-board game doesn't exactly entertain, but it keeps my fingers busy until the food arrives. There are too many surveillance cameras to risk taking topless pictures.

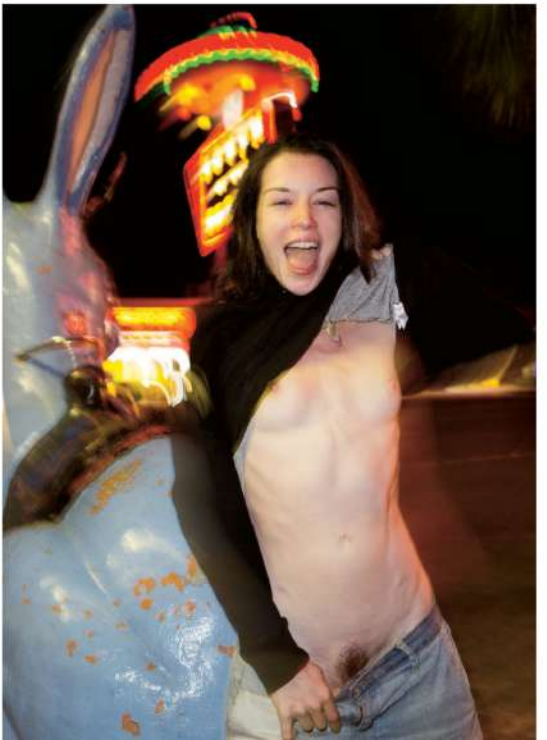
The street slopes in front of the hotel in New Orleans. Someone has to hold the luggage cart steady while I load the cats onto it. There's a bird in the lobby. It's somehow ornate and trendy feeling at the same time.

A former Suicide Girl and a friend of mine from the internet stop by the hotel bar for a drink. We chat about the different kinds of sex work—and saucy work—we've done. Steve tells old stories and snaps an instax mini.

I'm developing a massive head cold from that journalist I'd been kissing before the trip. I have whiskey and hope it has some kind of medicinal effect. I don't think to go to a drugstore and get NyQuil.

In the morning Steve skateboards to get beignets. We talk about how we should try to take pictures and decide Bourbon Street with beads is too obvious and that cemeteries are just rude.

The cats have gone on hunger strike. Apparently their recent affection had been one last plea for mercy.



We proceed right through Mississippi (claiming itself as the "Birthplace of America's Music," though previous signs stated "It's Like Coming Home"), Alabama (which welcomes visitors to "Sweet Home Alabama") and Georgia (which is glad to be on your mind). The closer we get to South Carolina, the more frequently the South of the Border signs appear.

South of the Border is a spectacularly racist theme park just over the state line between North and South Carolina. The attraction's mascot, Pedro, is a terrible—and utterly inaccurate—caricature of a Mexican human. I feel a bit uncomfortable about including the park, but I feel deep discomfort over the idea of ignoring it.

We've been so gonzo-journalism style about the trip that to gloss over one of our country's tackiest moments of cultural obliviousness felt wrong. It's a very real part of our nation, just like our rugged founders and our salacious pornographers.

Another real part of our nation is our love for fireworks. South Carolina does a brisk business in them at their border. Steve wants me to hold sparklers. I refuse to hold sparklers. I don't want to climb on anything. I want to leave. Steve and I compromise, with me climbing a couple of the donkey statues and him grabbing a couple of quick shots. It is, of course, pouring rain.

I also refuse to sleep at South of the Border. Instead we stay at the motel barely inside North Carolina. The front desk asks for a deposit for the television remote. I lock the cats in the bathroom, not wanting their paws to touch the carpet, and sleep fully clothed—hoodie up—on top of the bedspread.

The cats remain firm in their hunger strike. I begin to feel concerned for their health.

There's one last meal at Hardee's before we head home to healthier fare. This is probably for the best; the grease from that breakfast biscuit is like a warm blanket on the inside of my stomach.

We were planning to spend a night in Virginia, but we're close enough to make the rest of the drive today. I'm excited to get home. I'm excited just to head north on I-95—295, 495, 695, another 295 all scroll past. The further we get up the Eastern Seaboard, the more traffic there is.

We stop at a Wendy's for lunch. I think about how I should really eat a vegetable or 12. We drive past many places I'm sure George Washington slept in once, but nothing on the roadside is retro enough to warrant a stop.

The Verrazano-Narrows Bridge connecting Staten Island to Brooklyn is very narrow. I start emitting that high-pitched squeal again and don't stop until we're back on land. This begins to irritate Steve.

Eventually we arrive in Brooklyn, where a pair of muscular movers empty the truck and haul everything upstairs. I wondered, if I pretended to have misplaced my wallet, whether it would play out like a porno.

The cats have not once resorted to violence. I remain unscratched. Freed from the crate, their temperaments and eating patterns return swiftly to normal. H

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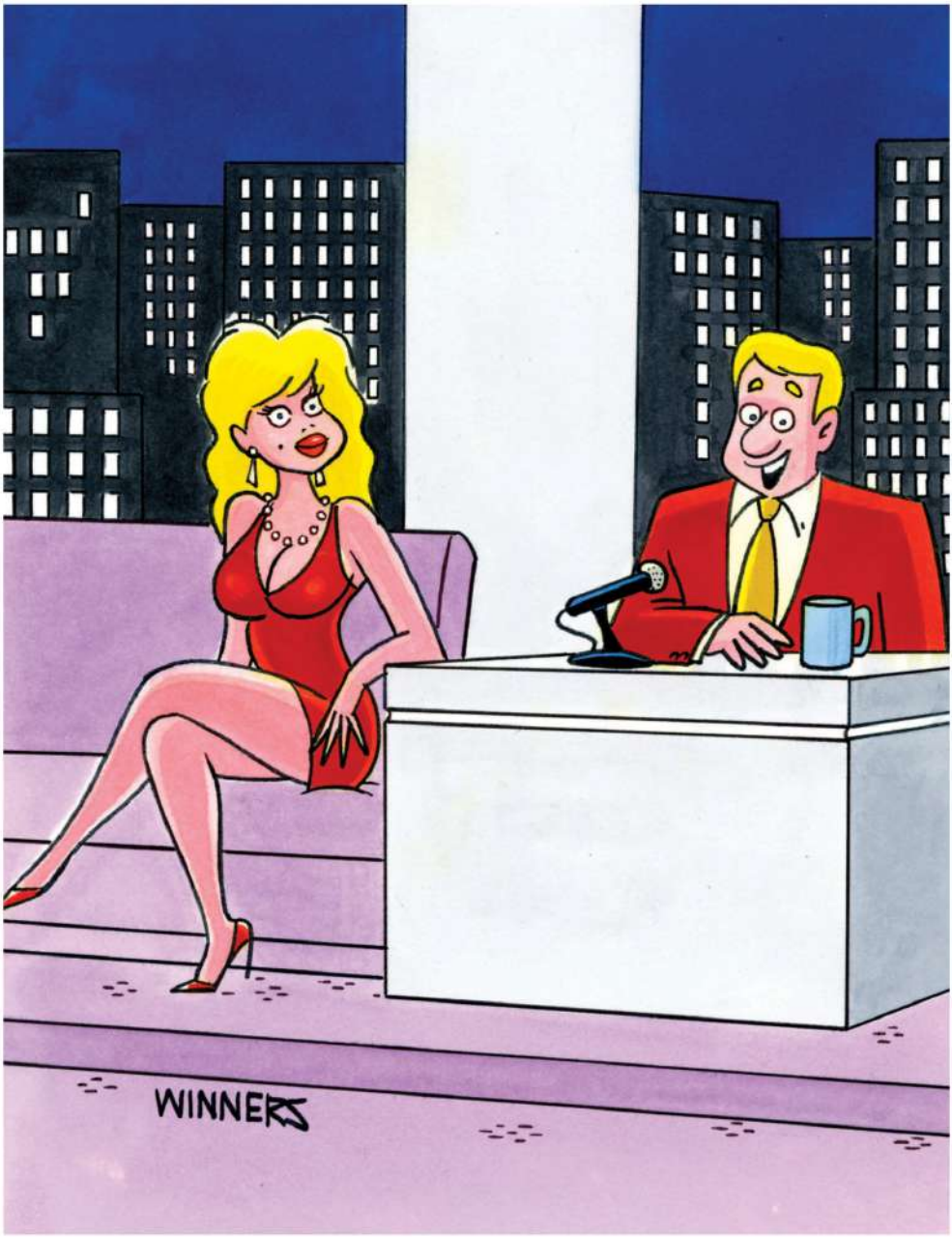


"My guest this evening is someone who has turned an enjoyable hobby into a profitable business!"

OMOROSE

CAREFREE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
DIGITALDESIRE.COM

I used to serve in the U.S. Army. Back when I was in training, I got stranded this one time and had to wait for a bus for two hours. So I just sat under a tree and watched this little worm as a group of ants attacked it. I literally just sat there and watched this worm, and I was really amazed that despite the odds, the worm won its life back. That moment strangely meant a lot to me. It reminded me that life is worth fighting for.

"Although I was a soldier, I see myself as an artist now. I paint and do photography, and I enjoy the gypsy life, being carefree. I was born in Thailand, but I've traveled extensively and lived in Washington state and Los Angeles.

"I feel like love makes me invincible, and the physical expression of love is very important to me. I want others to be comfortable with sex, wanting and having sex. I want women to feel comfortable touching their bodies. Masturbation is a beautiful thing."

OMOROSE'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Seattle, Washington** | AGE: **22**
HEIGHT: **5-4** | MEASUREMENTS: **34B-26-34**
FAVORITE POSITION: **On top**

THE JOYS OF TOYS

Most men have a "just stick it in the hole" mentality. But if you allow yourself to enjoy the variety of different types of stimulation that toys can provide, you'll have some great, slow-building sexual highs. You'll also learn to enjoy a more circuitous and exploratory route to orgasm, which your lover will not only appreciate, but celebrate.

One of the keys to men enjoying toys is to view them as enhancers that provide variation and complement the near-perfect design of our built-in source of sexual joy: the hand. When used in conjunction with other toys and good porn, toys can provide strong orgasms and enable rapid repeat performance—whereas the hand alone may leave you chafed and numb and most likely result in a quick one-and-done experience. The key is to have multiple toys readily available as you progress. You might want the pressure and friction of a soft sleeve for a while, then switch to your hand, then pop into a warm Fleshlight, then watch your cock grow and veins pop in a penis pump. It's about altering stimulation easily, quickly and enjoyably to create the most diverse and pleasurable stroke you can. While I'm sure there are some heroic performers out there, it's only with the use of toys that I'm able to rip one off and then pull one off again…and then again. The hand alone just can't do that. Variety in texture and temperature are critical to keep the party going.

The joy of toys is not only about self-pleasure: it's about how creative stroking can lead to creative sex with others. Understanding how to enjoy an erotic build and then recover quickly parlays into better sex with your partner. It's also about broadening your idea of stimulation.

So as you read some of the descriptions of basic styles of toys, the many ways they can be used and the experiences they can create, don't look for "the right toy"; look for the right *combinations* of toys to raise the mast and sail west into the horizon. It will take some time and experimentation to find the right combination, but don't worry—most of these toys are pretty affordable. I've also found that a toy that didn't work for me initially later emerged as one of my favorites when used in new ways.

BY MAGNUS SULLIVAN

HOW MANY TOYS DO I NEED?

Remember the adage "He who dies with the most toys wins"? You can never have too many toys—and not just toys to stick your penis in! Toys that buzz and hum, toys that tickle your anus and ignite your prostate, toys that suck and enlarge your cock—anything that helps you feel good should be considered part of your routine. I've found that the more toys I integrate into a session, the better they work.

Consider having a variety of toys available to stimulate your body in different ways. For instance, you should have some toys to penetrate and some toys that will penetrate you. Toys that are warmed up and toys that are at room temperature. Toys with lots of lube and some with just enough lube. And you should definitely have toys that vibrate.

Here's an example of what I like to have on hand:

- a Fleshlight sleeve that's been warmed up really well
- an All In blowjob stroker
- a Tenga Egg
- a Vibratex Magic Wand
- a Lelo Hugo prostate massager
- the Robo Suck 3 Pump With UR3 Vagina, Anus or Mouth Donut
- and a bottle of Swiss Navy silicone lube

MASTURBATORS, SLEEVES, ETC.

There are basically a couple of different types of toys to simulate penetration: closed tubes and open tubes. Masturbators tend to be closed, and sleeves tend to be open-ended—meaning the tip of your cock will pop out of the sleeve if you pull it down your shaft, whereas your cock remains inside the closed tube of the masturbator. The main advantage of the sleeve is that you can pop outside of the sleeve and reduce cleaning needs.

FULL-SIZE MASTURBATORS (AKA DOLLS)

If a man is ashamed of someone finding his masturbation sleeve, just imagine how he'll feel if his fuck doll falls out of a closet during a dinner party. It's too bad guys are afraid of the stigma of owning or using a full-size masturbator, or doll, because they're amazing. While the technology is getting frighteningly compelling—combining AI, robotics and real-skin materials to simulate not only the look and feel of a human, but the interaction—you can have an unparalleled experience with even today's base models.

One of the primary differences is that, unlike strokers, you can use the natural hip and thrusting motions of real intercourse and let your full weight rest on the doll, holding it by the hips or fondling tits while you're at it. The material simulates the human body, and just like the Fleshlight, you can warm it up to enhance the lifelike experience.

Don't be a hater and a skeptic. Go ahead and try it.

BREATHE...

Your breathing will naturally escalate as you work harder and get closer to orgasm. But most people don't pay enough attention to their breathing during the buildup. Deep, slow breaths can dramatically increase the intensity and extend the duration of your buildup and orgasm. Try to breathe from the belly instead of the chest. Breathing becomes increasingly important as you age and helps you relax before anal play.

FLEX YOUR PELVIC MUSCLES & GLUTES

Most men are so cock-focused, they not only forget to play with other areas; they forget to engage the most powerful and important muscles for orgasms. Particularly when trying to stimulate the prostate, it is critical to breathe deeply and steadily and to contract your pubococcygeus muscle or PC muscle and glutes rhythmically. To engage your PC muscle, pretend that you're trying to hold your pee. Try it right now! In your chair or wherever you are, just contract and hold those muscles and you'll get an idea of the important role they play in masturbation. >>

EMBRACE VISUAL STIMULATION

What this means varies for everyone, but for me good visuals—and particularly porn—really help. As you learn to extend your sessions, you'll find that you stop jumping immediately to the hard action and actually start to enjoy watching the foreplay. You'll learn to parallel the erotic arc of the story and peak with the performance. You'll soon find yourself enjoying a 30-plus-minute stretch, only to orgasm and start all over again. That's one of the things that good toys and visuals do: They make it easy to stay turned on and reach orgasm again and again. This is something you'll bring into the bedroom with your lover, learning how to remain hard and turned on after orgasm by focusing on her nipples, lips, hips, voice, shoulders, etc.

VARIATION IN TEXTURE, TEMPERATURE & CADENCE

I cannot emphasize this enough: Change it up. Get creative. Enjoy the journey. By varying texture, temperature and cadence, you remain in total control of the sexual flow. If you want to achieve multiple orgasms, quick recovery and enhanced endurance, there's no better way to hone these skills than through creative and varied use of toys that stimulate different areas in different ways. This is the first and most important step in learning how to view masturbation as a process-oriented rather than a goal-oriented activity. There's truth in the old adage "Good things come to those who wait."

BENEFITS OF CREATIVE MASTURBATION

In addition to all of the benefits already listed, with the enhanced pleasure you'll get out of creative masturbation and the amazing skills and awareness you'll bring to partner sex, you'll literally be a better person. This might seem like a leap, but connecting to yourself helps you connect with others.

When you break through cultural barriers, you not only gain confidence; you increase your empathy. You become less afraid and intimidated because you both understand the perspective and experience of others and feel comfortable with where you stand. While there are many ways to open the mind, creative masturbation is definitely the most fun approach.

The use of toys aims to improve the following key capabilities:

- Achieve multiple orgasms
- Remain hard between orgasms
- Recover quickly between orgasms
- Improve your patience and creativity as a lover
- Have anal sex with partners that is relaxed and enjoyable for everyone
- Dramatically improve partner sex by incorporating toys and masturbation
- Develop communication with your partner about masturbation and sexual adventures.

Continue the conversation at ***BetterThanTheHand.com****. "The Joy of Toys" was excerpted from Magnus Sullivan's new book* Better Than the Hand: How Masturbation Is the Key to Better Sex & Healthier Living. *Buy it today for a better sex life tomorrow.*

Special thanks to Jacky Joy, Marco Banderas and Leya Falcon for demonstrating how to play with toys.

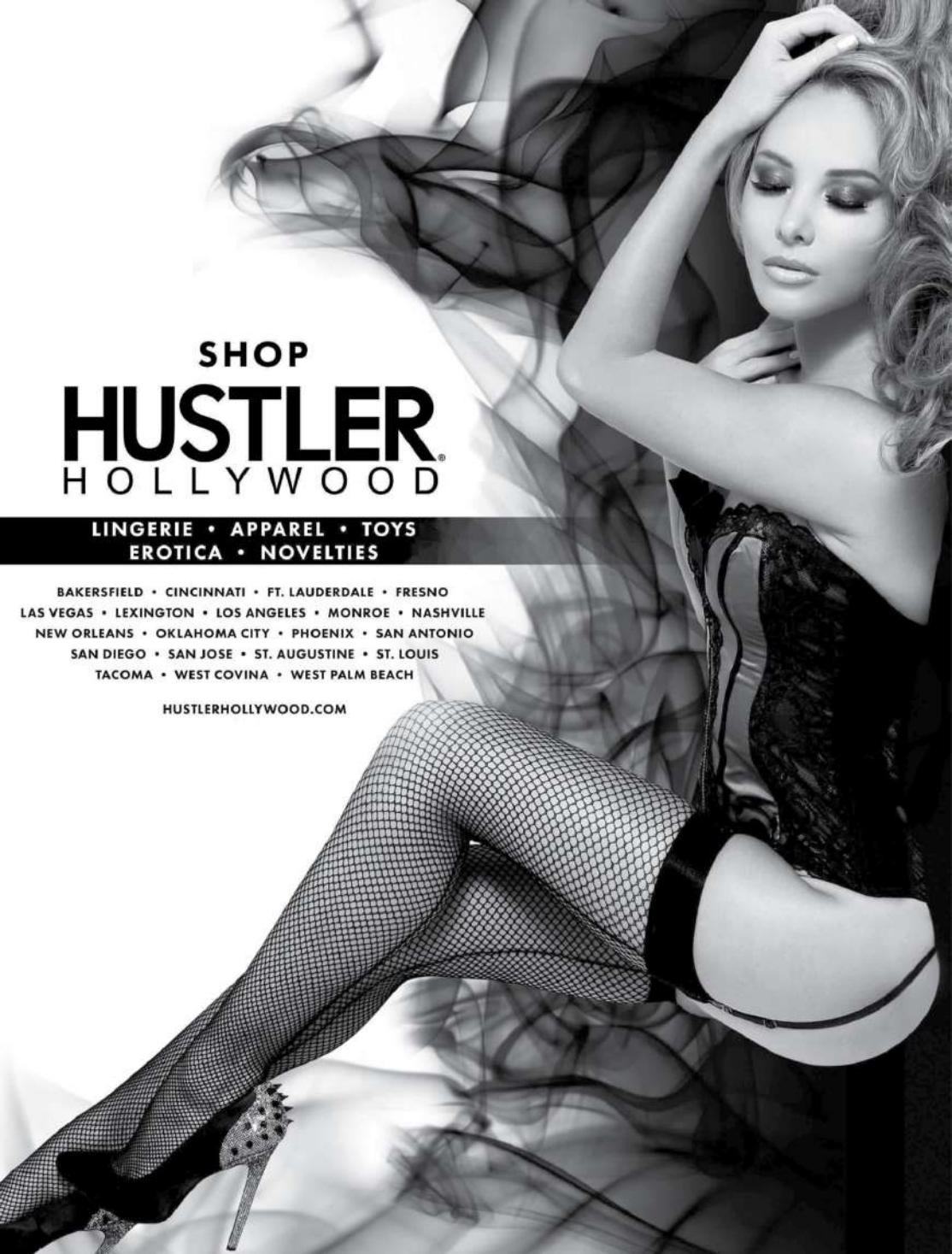
"I don't know if we should cook her or fuck her."

"Go ahead and leave, Maureen—but the fisting dildo stays!"

ZOEY
MONROE
SECRET FETISH
PHOTOGRAPHY BY
LARRY FLYNT PRODUCTIONS

The best thing about being a porn star is that I'm paid to have amazing sex. I love getting dolled up, feeling cute and sexy, and then getting the hell fucked out of me. What I most want to achieve as a performer is to break the stereotype that adult stars are ho-bags with a bunch of issues. I want to show that we're just rad chicks who live for ourselves and not others.

"One fetish I have that might surprise people is that I badly want to get fucked by someone wearing a furry costume—kind of like a teddy bear come to life. Whether it's a gang-bang of furries or just one, I need to experience that soon!"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YOU DISOBEYED ME! YOU BOTH ATE THE APPLE! EVE, YOUR PUNISHMENT IS EVERY MONTH YOU WILL BLEED FOR SEVEN DAYS!
ADAM, YOUR PUNISHMENT IS THAT THEN YOU WILL HAVE TO GO TO THE STORE AND BUY TAMPONS!

ABIGAIL MAC

TALK TO ME

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
DIGITALDESIRE.COM

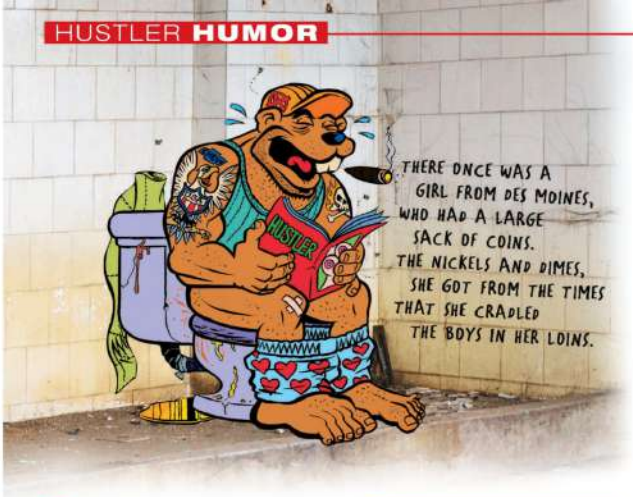
I've shot over 100 porn scenes. After doing so many of them, I've learned that I'm more into BDSM or rough scenes. I just did one with Romi Rain where she made me deep-throat her foot and slapped me around. I thought that was really intense and cool. I'm into anything that pushes boundaries, things I haven't done before.

"In my personal life I'm extremely dominant. I need to be in control. A lot of things I thought were gross before do not gross me out at all now. I like dirty feet; I like it when people are stinky; I like sweat, spit, all of that. I've become a lot more open and developed a lot of kinks. When it comes to having good sex, my advice is to be honest and talk about what you like and don't like. Your partner can't read your mind, so tell them what you want them to do and vice versa. Boom—orgasms every time."

Tell me...
what do you like?
xoxo,
Abigail Mac

ABIGAIL'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Columbia, Maryland** | AGE: **29** | HEIGHT: **5-2**
MEASUREMENTS: **34D-24-36** | FAVORITE POSITION: **Doggy**
TWITTER: **@MsAbigailMac**


THERE ONCE WAS A GIRL FROM DES MOINES, WHO HAD A LARGE SACK OF COINS. THE NICKELS AND DIMES, SHE GOT FROM THE TIMES THAT SHE CRADLED THE BOYS IN HER LOINS.
HUSTLER

Two wives, Carla and Fran, had a girls' night out and got drunk at a bar. Too shitfaced to drive, they started walking home, but soon had to pee. So they went into a cemetery, but had nothing to wipe with. Carla used her panties, while Fran grabbed a wreath from a gravestone.

The next morning Carla's husband called Fran's old man and shouted, "No more girls' nights out! My wife came home last night without panties!"

Fran's husband bellowed, "You think *that's* bad?! Mine came home with a card in her crack that read, 'From all of us at Fire Station 9...we will never forget you'!"

Dating a hooker is like eating a noisy bag of chips in church. Everyone looks at you with disgust, but deep down inside they want some too.

A soldier ran up to a nun. Out of breath, he gasped, "Sister, may I hide under your skirt? I'll explain later." The nun agreed, and a few moments later two military police officers approached her and asked, "Did you see a soldier running this way?"

Pointing to her right, the nun replied, "He went that way." After the MPs ran off, the soldier crawled out from under the nun's skirt and said, "Thank you, Sister. You see, I don't want to deploy to Afghanistan."

"I understand," the nun murmured.

The soldier added, "I hope I'm not being rude, but you have a great pair of legs."

The nun responded, "Hey, if you had looked a little higher, you would have seen a great pair of balls. I don't wanna go to Afghanistan either!"

Question: What does a nymphomaniac shout out whenever she has an orgasm?

Answer: "Next!"

It was the mailman's final day on the job after making deliveries in the same neighborhood in all kinds of weather for 35 years. When he arrived at the first house on his route, he was greeted by the entire family, who congratulated him and gave him a gift card.

At the second house the family presented him with a box of fine cigars, while the folks at the third house handed him a selection of terrific fishing lures.

At the fourth house he was met by a gorgeous woman in a revealing negligee. She took the mailman by the hand and led him up the stairs to the bedroom, where she blew his mind with the wildest sex he'd ever experienced.

When they'd had enough, they went down to the kitchen, where the lady fixed the mailman a giant breakfast: fried eggs, ham, sausage, hash browns and freshly squeezed orange juice. As she poured him a cup of coffee, the mailman noticed a dollar bill sticking out from under her negligee. "All this is too wonderful for words," he said, "but what's the dollar bill for?"

"Well," the woman explained, "last night I told my husband that today would be your last day as our mailman and that we should do something special for you. I asked him what to give you, and he said, 'Fuck him! Give him a dollar!'" The beauty smiled and cooed, "The breakfast was my idea."

HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, why not send it our way? Submit your witty stuff to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or by email to *HUSTLER@LFP.com*. If we print it, we'll send you 25 bucks!

"I've assembled a panel of experts and will get back to you shortly with their recommendations."

"It was very nice of you to fill in for your sister while she's out of town."

ARI SHAFFIR
DOUBLE NEGATIVE

MEET ARI SHAFFIR. LIKES: MAGIC MUSHROOMS, DESTROYING GODS AND A GOOD HOLOCAUST JOKE. DISLIKES: POLITICIANS, DISHONEST MEDIA AND SHIT-STIRRING BLOGGERS. FRESH OFF OF HIS TWO-PART NETFLIX SPECIAL *DOUBLE NEGATIVE*, SHAFFIR SAT DOWN WITH HUSTLER TO DISCUSS HIS BEEF WITH HOWARD STERN, HOW PAULY SHORE IMPROVED HIS SEX LIFE AND THE LIGHTER SIDE OF SHITTING YOURSELF.

INTERVIEW BY SHANE ANDALOU
PHOTOGRAPHY BY NICK BIELSKI

SOUTH CENTRAL
Milk FUCK 2013!
Marvelous
"The soul is
so well on

HUSTLER: An entire page of your website is devoted to psychedelic mushrooms?

ARI SHAFFIR: Yeah, they've sort of helped me see things more realistically. You know how you step back and you look at yourself? On a good trip you take that and apply that to the world too. It gets you a better way of looking at everything, a richer way of looking at everything, where you're not having to defend your own point of view. Mushrooms helped a lot for that.

Do you think social media is good or bad as a whole?

As a whole, I think it's bad. The only reason I'm still on Facebook is so that I can keep track of the people I meet when I'm traveling. Social media brings down my life. You waste hours. You wake up at ten, which is early for me. I'm like, *Cool, I can go outside, where the air's fresh. Get my jump.* Then it's 12:30, I'm like, *Oh fuck, I've got to get out of the house. I just lost a good two hours of sunlight.* For what? It should be toilets only—that should be the only time you check that shit.

You talk quite a bit about shitting yourself in your act. Is this pure fiction or taken from real-life experience?

No, I've shat myself a bunch of times. I did it on a plane. When you're younger, it's the worst. You're like, *My life's over if anybody finds out.* As an adult, once it's happened a few times, well, it's just throw out your underwear and go sit in your seat for the next seven hours. It's like a fart with a big, wet finish, the gymnast's flourish at the end, just a fucking wet flourish.

So you find humor in shitting yourself?

Yeah, I think it's hilarious when it happens. It's so embarrassing. It's like sneezing and having a booger come out.

Do you do college campus shows? I know a lot of comedians, including Jerry Seinfeld, have said they won't perform at colleges because the atmosphere is too politically correct now.

I have a theory. People read blogs and assume it means something more than just someone's opinion. It's not; it's just someone's opinion. You get bloggers who are looking to be angry at something, but they're the minority, a very vocal minority.

When I was in college at the second or third most diverse school in the country, University of Maryland, I liked raunchy humor. My friends, my black friends and my Indian friends and my Hispanic friends and my female friends—not all the female friends—but most of the guy friends—all liked raunchy humor. I think what the blogs have done is push people away. The 90% of people who would have loved to

"THAT'S WHAT I DO. I TAKE SOMETHING HARSH AND GET PEOPLE TO LAUGH AT IT BECAUSE IT'S SO WRONG."

come to a show now can't see the people they would have loved to have seen.

You were in a bit of a beef with Howard Stern at one point.
He's just irrelevant, and I'm sick of him being around and inserting his dumb fucking opinion into everything. He's garbage, man. He used to be the free speech guy. Since then all he's done, whenever he has somebody he has a problem with, he comes out against them, their free speech.

I was a fan before, for the most part. He had really hard-hitting interviews. Now it's just softballs. He's always taking the fucking lamest side. I get it, he's an old Jew. He's out of touch. If he started now, without a name, he would not succeed.

And that's another thing, he should have embraced podcasts. He's like, "Podcasts, that's not the way you succeed." I think he's saying that's not the way you become a radio broadcaster. It's like, yeah, no one's trying to do that.

You have your podcast *Skeptic Tank*. Is that financially viable?
I moved to New York four years ago, and that first year I paid my rent off that. Within a short time I was, as a no one, making more money than a local radio DJ. Yeah, podcasts are viable—and they're becoming more and more viable. That's not why I do it. The reason I do it is for draw, so people come see my shows.

I've read that your father and grandmother were Holocaust survivors. Is that correct?
Father, grandmother, grandfather, yeah, two aunts, great-uncle, all survived.

What are your thoughts on this resurgence of white nationalism and neo-Nazis?
I don't think there's a resurgence at all.

You don't think it's become more prominent, with incidents like Charlottesville?
I don't think it is more prominent. I grew up in Maryland and North Carolina. They had Klan rallies. It was just a thing we knew, and you go, "Oh, don't go there this week, because there's a Klan rally on Sunday, so don't go by." I don't think it's more at all. I think it's the same numbers as before. I think their anger comes when they get pushed down and silenced, instead of being allowed to talk. I honestly distrust the media, no offense, to the point where I don't even know how many of those people in Charlottesville were white nationalists. I think it might be like 5% or 10%, and that's the only ones they showed us. >>

In your Netflix special *Double Negative*, you have a bit about Anne Frank, so obviously Holocaust humor is not off the table for you.
Absolutely not. In fact, I think it's a great place for humor. It's so harsh. It's such a harsh thing that happened, if you stop and think about it. If you visit the Holocaust Memorial in D.C., where my dad works, or the one in Yad Vashem in Jerusalem, it's real hard to get through that without crying. When you see it, when you see the pile of shoes, you have to imagine someone was walking in those. That's what I do. I take something harsh and get people to laugh at it because it's so wrong, which is why I never had a problem with rape jokes. I don't think the bloggers understood. We realize rape is horrible. We're affected by it.

It's also the ultimate win for a comedian, if he can make a good joke from something horrible.
That's it. What I love doing on Twitter is, as soon as a beloved celebrity dies, I am on there shitting on them in some sort of comedic way. I want to destroy your gods—whatever they are, I want to destroy them. When *Lemonade* came out from Beyoncé, and every woman in my life is like, "It's amazing," it's like, "Well, I'm about to shit on her." I know I'm going to take some backlash, but I'm going to get some laughs from some people. That's what I want to do: I want to kill gods. Keep building up gods, and I'll keep destroying them.

Where do you fall on the political spectrum?
I used to be Democrat. Now I'm completely nonpolitical. If I had to say anything, if you had to sum me up, I would say I'm a bleeding-heart libertarian. I'm like, everybody should be allowed to do whatever the fuck they want, but we should care somehow for the less fortunate, for the crazies, instead of just letting them be on the street. We should do that.

You don't perform much political material.
Occasionally I let it out, but it always comes out as, "We've got to kill politicians is the only way to succeed." They're all so fucking corrupt, that it's like, "You're clearly both lying to me." Do you know what I think is great about Trump? I think he illustrates how much of a phony they all are, because with him it's more obvious.

What did you think about the Kathy Griffin thing, with the decapitation photo of Trump?
No problem with it. I thought it was blown out of proportion. She made a joke. I'm not even going to say I didn't think it was funny. A lot of comics do that: "I didn't think it was funny, but they have a right to say it." Why are you shitting on another comic's joke? Why are you taking this opportunity, when everyone's already shitting on them, to shit on their joke?

Obviously, not everyone's going to be on board with your humor.
No, I'm not for everybody. Absolutely not.

What's been the worst in-person reaction at one of your shows?
I'll tell you the *best* in-person reaction. This lady was sitting there, and I saw her fucking scowling at me the whole time, just like mean-mugging me. She was probably 55, 60. Her husband was there laughing a little bit. She didn't know me. It was before anything I had going on. Just sat there with a scowl. When I was done, I was like, "Hey, everybody, I just want to make a quick announcement." I was like, "Lady, I was looking at you hating me the whole time. You handled it perfectly. You didn't disrupt the show for anybody else. You didn't make a big stink about it. You just hated me in silence, which is fine. I would have loved to entertain you, for sure I would have, but you're not wrong for not liking me. I'm doing abortion humor, and you're a fucking Christian. There's no way you should like this. You shouldn't even be seeing me, but here we are. You handled it like a fucking adult." Drunks and entitled people don't usually handle it like adults. They want to be heard.

I think we're in a golden age of comedy. A lot of my friends will be like, "It sucks with these bloggers, or these feminists, or these liberals coming down on us." I'm like, "Guys, that's a small side effect of an über popularity that we didn't have ten years ago. Of course we're going to have some negatives here or there. When this room had 25 people in it, chances are, yeah, everybody's going to like you. When it gets 300, chances are way higher you're getting some people who hate you."

There are a series of videos online, "Amazing Racist," where, for example, you put on a Klan robe and mess with people in the hood. For the sake of your own safety, please tell me that was staged.
Yeah, predominantly. It was one of the first viral videos YouTube-wise. It was taken out of its context. It was on a *National Lampoon* DVD; the sell was, these are awful reality show pitches that we found in a box,

and they were so bad, they just threw them in this awful box, and we found the box years later, and look at all these horrible pitches. "Amazing Racist" was supposed to be just a shitty, horrible pitch.

Taken out of context, it was so much harsher. It was like, "Look what this asshole did." I was like, "Yes, make it harsh. Make it seem really bad." That's where it gets you.

I was wondering if there was a broader point you were making there.
It's making fun of racists, and it's getting laughs out of racist humor. I've gotten so many death threats from "Amazing Racist."

Wow.
Oh, yeah, so many, man. When people talk now about, "I've gotten death threats over something," I'm like, "Welcome to the club. Those aren't real. Those are internet death threats. That's not a real death threat. Get over yourself."

I've been getting death threats [online] for 15 straight years. But no one's ever done anything in person, not even to say, "That was bullshit, what you did."

Well, that's a lot of work, to come to a club to kill somebody.
In the Myspace days, I used to say, "My tour schedule is right there. If you really want to kill me, I see you're in Philadelphia—I'll be in Pittsburgh on the 18th. You can make the trip." I don't know, no one does.

The opportunity for comedians has been huge lately with all the different platforms. It seems to be upping the quality overall.
Oh, yeah, for sure. Since everyone else is better, then it makes you up your game too. You see somebody getting really good at storytelling, you're like, "Oh, I've got to fucking practice that."

Speaking of practice, what's the most uncomfortable thing you've masturbated to?
It's *where*, I guess. I used to try to do it over all 50 states. When they say, "You're now passing over Arkansas." I'm like, "Oh, let me whip out over Arkansas." I'd run to the bathroom. I'd try to do it wherever I could. I delivered flowers to a church once. I had to go pee afterwards, so they'd tell me where the bathroom was. I'm peeing; I'm like, "Oh, yeah, for sure." I just closed my eyes and jerked off into a urinal at some church.

Oh, good Lord.
Good Lord is right.

Has comedy been good to you in terms of getting laid?
Yeah, I've always done better than I should have. You know when you fuck out of your league, where you're like, "How did I pull that one?" I've fucked below my league too, but comedy has for sure helped. The best is opening up for Pauly Shore. Because Pauly sucked. He has a party-type fan base, men and women, pretty even, full of hot chicks who were fans of his when they were seven or eight. Now they're 26, 27 and just hot. They would come; they'd shave their legs; they're like, "I'm going to fuck Pauly Shore." Leaving the show, they're like, "I'm disappointed as fuck. That was terrible, but I'm not going to waste a good leg shave. You were funny. What are you doing? Do you want to come drink?" I'm like, "Yes, I do." Man, you'd get laid so much. Thank you, Pauly Shore, for being so fucking awful.

Is there a type of woman that Ari Shaffir, the comedian, tends to attract?
One, if you're Jewish, for some reason you like me. Ninty percent of Jews are just unexplainably attracted to me—they have a weakness for me.

Any other type?
My type used to be women that got out of a long-term relationship and hadn't gotten laid in a while and saw me as a safe first time back on the horse. I had sex with a lot of girls who hadn't gotten laid in a while.

You were the rebound guy.
I was good about it. It was like, "Sure, spend the night." There was just no badness to it. It was all good times, and I rebounded them: "Now get back in the world."

In one word, describe your lovemaking style.
I guess violent might be a good word. Aggressive. Maybe violent; let's go with violent. Definitely not tender. If you're looking me in the eyes, you better be ready to gouge them out.

What's the most humiliating experience you've had with a woman?
One time, two times, I've pissed on girls overnight by accident. When you drink too much, it might happen. The first time it happened, I woke up in a panic. I'd pissed on my girlfriend, and she was kind of a debutante. She would *not* be okay with it. I had to not wake her up, get a bunch of towels from her bathroom. Put them down on her and me and just try to snuggle her to soak up the pee. I soaked up as much as I could. Then she woke up in the morning, went to the bathroom. When she went to the bathroom, I took the towels and ran to her kitchen. I didn't know what to do with them. I should have just chucked them out the window, but I threw them in her pantry, down where all the pots and pans are. H

Follow Ari Shaffir on Twitter @AriShaffir. Check out his podcast Skeptic Tank *on AriShaffir.com, and for fuck's sake, stream* Double Negative *on Netflix today!*

"The food's awful, but the morphine is fantastic."

EMMA HIX & RYAN KEELY

CHEATING LESBIAN MILFS

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: BOBBY MANILA. STARRING: CHARLOTTE STOKELY, ALEX GREY, NORAH NOVA, EMBER SNOW, RYAN KEELY, EMMA HIX, TRINITY ST. CLAIR & AYUMI ANIME.

Whoever coined the phrase "eatin' ain't cheatin'" obviously never saw *Cheating Lesbian MILFs*, a tribute to hardworking moms who revitalize their sex lives with a little barely legal snatch. Blond sexpots Charlotte Stokely and Alex Grey kick off the festivities. The dialogue and the acting in their scene are on a grade-school-play level, but let's be honest—you're not watching this for the theatrical expertise. This is where you hit the fast-forward button with one hand and unzip your fly with the other. Stokely and Grey's mouths are put to much better use when they're occupied with cuntlapping. They both sport tight, nonaugmented bodies, and the sight of them working each other into a sloppy mess of flickering tongues and moans is as welcome as a snow cone on a hot summer day. Norah Nova pairs up with giggly Asian ginch Ember Snow, who squawks and squeaks like a dog's chew toy as Nova devours her sushi roll. With her short-cropped blond hair, alpha bitch Ryan Keely looks a bit like financial guru Suze Orman, though Keely's specialty seems to be accumulating nubile gash rather than cash as she puts on a sexual seminar with bright-eyed blonde Emma Hix. *Cheating Lesbian MILFs* is a trustworthy wank. To order, call 800-763-8271 ext. 7675 or visit **HustlerStore.com.** **—Pico D. Ribibi**

TRINITY ST. CLAIR & AYUMI ANIME

CHARLOTTE STOKELY &
ALEX GREY

NORAH NOVA &
EMBER SNOW

RILEY REID

THE GANGBANG OF RILEY REID

JULES JORDAN VIDEO. DIRECTOR: JULES JORDAN. STARRING: RILEY REID, MARKUS DUPREE, FILTHY RICH, SMALL HANDS, XANDER CORVUS, JESSY JONES, MICK BLUE, CHAD ALVA, JOHN STRONG, PRINCE YAHSHUA, JON JON, RICO STRONG, RICKY JOHNSON, ISIAH MAXWELL, SEAN MICHAELS, SLIM POKE, JACK BLAQUE & CHRIS COCK.

Add *The Gangbang of Riley Reid* to that stack of misleading porno titles—there are actually *two* gangbangs included in this paean to pile-ons! They're split between white guys and black dudes having their communal way with Reid, which seems a little backward in this enlightened-ish age, but no matter—the viewer's enjoyment of this title will hinge on his appreciation of Reid. She's a lithe auburn-haired thing who exudes a wholesomeness that's just beginning to erode, like Miley Cyrus if she had made the logical leap from twerking on Robin Thicke's groin to taking blood-swollen pricks to fund her next salvia purchase. The first scene begins with Reid playing in a bubble bath, which seems like putting the cart before the horse, given that at scene's end she probably felt like scrubbing down with a Brillo pad and a gallon of disinfectant. At any rate, the sudsy prelude provides Reid with a chance to show off her bouncy booty, so full of youthful promise, so soon-to-be-full-of throbbing cock. After her soak, Reid is swamped by eight honkies. The assemblage of goons slaps her tits and ass while fucking her face; her eyes begin to water as if pepper-sprayed as she chokes down dong. Eventually her colon is double-stuffed, and the girl's stretched like sweat-covered Silly Putty. The second scene plays out much the same way as the band of brothers goes separate-but-equal on Reid, busting her cracker-ass open until she nearly crumbles. Ultimately *The Gangbang of Riley Reid* helps the races come together, uplifting the viewer's heart along with his pecker. **—P.D.R.**

ANYA OLSEN

PURE ADRENALINE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
TAMMY SANDS

Honestly, I'm a wild child. I have four siblings, and if they were to vote on who would give my parents gray hair first, without a doubt, every finger would be pointed at me. I just like the adrenaline! I live for a challenge, something —anything really—that pushes me past my comfort zone. I recently went skydiving, and I actually think I found my calling. A skydiving instructor! I could jump out of a plane all day every day.

"I was just in London for my 23rd birthday. While there I attended a sex party, my first ever. I have to say, wow, what an experience! Hundreds of single men, women and couples—gay, straight, bisexual. There were elaborate costumes, great music, sex on the dance floor, sex in the bathroom, sex at the bar…sex literally everywhere! It was exhilarating!

"The one fantasy that plays over and over in my head is the idea of tasting every type of cock imaginable deep down in my throat. I want small ones, large ones, thick ones, skinny ones, every ethnicity—all down my throat. If I had to pick a number, I'd definitely say at least 100 men would be involved. I want to fill my mouth with their balls, choke and gag on their cocks and let spit drip down my body. I want to be covered in spit and cum by the end of the day."

ANYA'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Douglass, Kansas** | AGE: **23** | HEIGHT: **5-4** | MEASUREMENTS: **32B-24-29**
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BEAVER HUNT

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ANASTASIA ROSE

"When I put my mind to something, there is *no* stopping me!" asserts Anastasia Rose, 20, a college student from Orlando, Florida. Her long-range goal? An A.S. degree in physical therapy. "Slowly but surely I will get there," vows the fledgling nude model, who's a big fan of Larry Flynt: "I think he's a very interesting person, and he seems to care lots about the adult industry and the girls in it." The 5-foot-4 animal and electronic dance music enthusiast is quite interesting too. "I'm all about adventuring, whether it's outdoors or visiting museums, exhibits, etc.," Anastasia tells us. "I'm very curious. I love writing, reading and watching documentaries. I live on the ID [Investigation Discovery] channel." But Anastasia isn't a true-blue nerd. "I had sex at three different churches, outside of course," she elaborates. "My favorite positions are doggy, piledriver and spooning, and I *love* anal. Now that's not all too crazy, but I'm also really into golden showers! Drinking pee, being peed on and even peeing on others I find extremely hot." Anastasia adds, "I appreciate everyone who's taking the time to read this. I truly hope you've learned a little more about me, and if you weren't a fan before, I hope you are now!" —*Photos by Omnia Productions*

"My hottest fantasy is a gangbang. I want to be fucked in all my holes. I want to be completely stuffed full of dick!"

"I hope that I can make your readers happy—and horny as all get-out—when they see my very first nude photos."

SUNNY

"I'm always up for trying new things, especially if I'm naked," reveals Sunny, 34, an "open-minded and laid-back" resident of Sandusky, Ohio. "I'd never modeled nude before, but not because I'm shy. I went to a sex club once and never had so much fun in my life." The 5-foot-9 skin-mag rookie, who digs "anything from country to rap" music and "getting lost all day at the beach," tops off her showcase with pizzazz. "I spice up my sex life with role-play and dirty talk," Sunny admits. "I'm very caring. I always attempt to take the full length of a penis into my mouth, and I usually can. I'm also into rough sex if done by the right guy, but sometimes I just need a girl." Sunny's fantasy is "having sex at sunset on a beach with the waves crashing and a nice warm breeze." —*Photos by Paradigm Foto Studio*

SOFIA RIOS

"Being admired by men and women when I'm nude delights me," states Sofia Rios, 36. "As the iconic Marilyn Monroe once said, 'The body is meant to be seen, not all covered up.' I'm sassy, flirtatious and seductive." Rather than disrobe for *Beaver Hunt* at her Las Vegas home or a studio, Sofia eagerly ventured to Nevada's Red Rock Canyon. "I adore getting naked in nature," the 5-foot-5 VIP hostess marvels. "It creates a far more exhilarating feeling of freedom than being naked indoors. I'm an adventurer by heart." That explains Sofia's penchant for traveling around the world. Her other kicks include taking long walks with her three dogs, reading, watching movies, exercising, kickboxing classes, winery treks and visiting Sin City's Mob Museum. "I have a soft spot for stories about high-profile outlaws," Sofia fesses up. As for fueling her own sex stories, the swinging aficionada bellows, "Don't leave for later the pleasure and fun you can have now! I'm bi, insatiable and sapiosexual. Intelligence and good conversation are extremely stimulating for me. So are threesomes where one of my sexy girlfriends and this exotic Brazilian can please a lucky guy and ourselves. It's the best of both worlds." —*Photos by Robert Ouano*

"My fantasy is to join the Mile-High Club by having sex in a private plane. I don't want to be confined to a tiny bathroom in a commercial airliner."

HELENA PRICE

Hailing from Detroit, Michigan, Helena Price has worked as a chef, teacher, housepainter, landscaper and entrepreneur. Adding HUSTLER Beaver to her rhythmic résumé was a no-brainer for the 5-foot-7 jill-of-all-trades. "I'm an exhibitionist," Helena proclaims. "Nudity enables me to celebrate my body and my sexuality. I'm heteroflexible, but I've been gaining more interest in women lately. I enjoy many forms of sexual expression from sensual to dominant to spiritual. Given the right situation, I can even be a bit submissive. I especially enjoy foot fetish, all things anal, giving mind-blowing BJs, role-playing and having sex with couples." Helena, who just spelled out what she does during stints as a part-time legal courtesan at Nevada's Love Ranch North, will be turning 35 in March. Perhaps the "intuitive, sincere and passionate" birthday girl will celebrate by listening to Parliament-Funkadelic, The Velvet Underground, Deee-Lite, Talking Heads or Prince. Or maybe Helena will watch cartoons, a David Lynch flick, *Game of Thrones* or the porn classic *Behind the Green Door*. But more than likely she'll be "devouring chocolate, dominating my girlfriends, getting lap dances, organizing gangbangs and partying all night." Happy birthday, Helena!

—Photos by Friend

"Group situations are definitely my forte, but I also enjoy sensual one-on-one experiences with massage, oils and experimentation."

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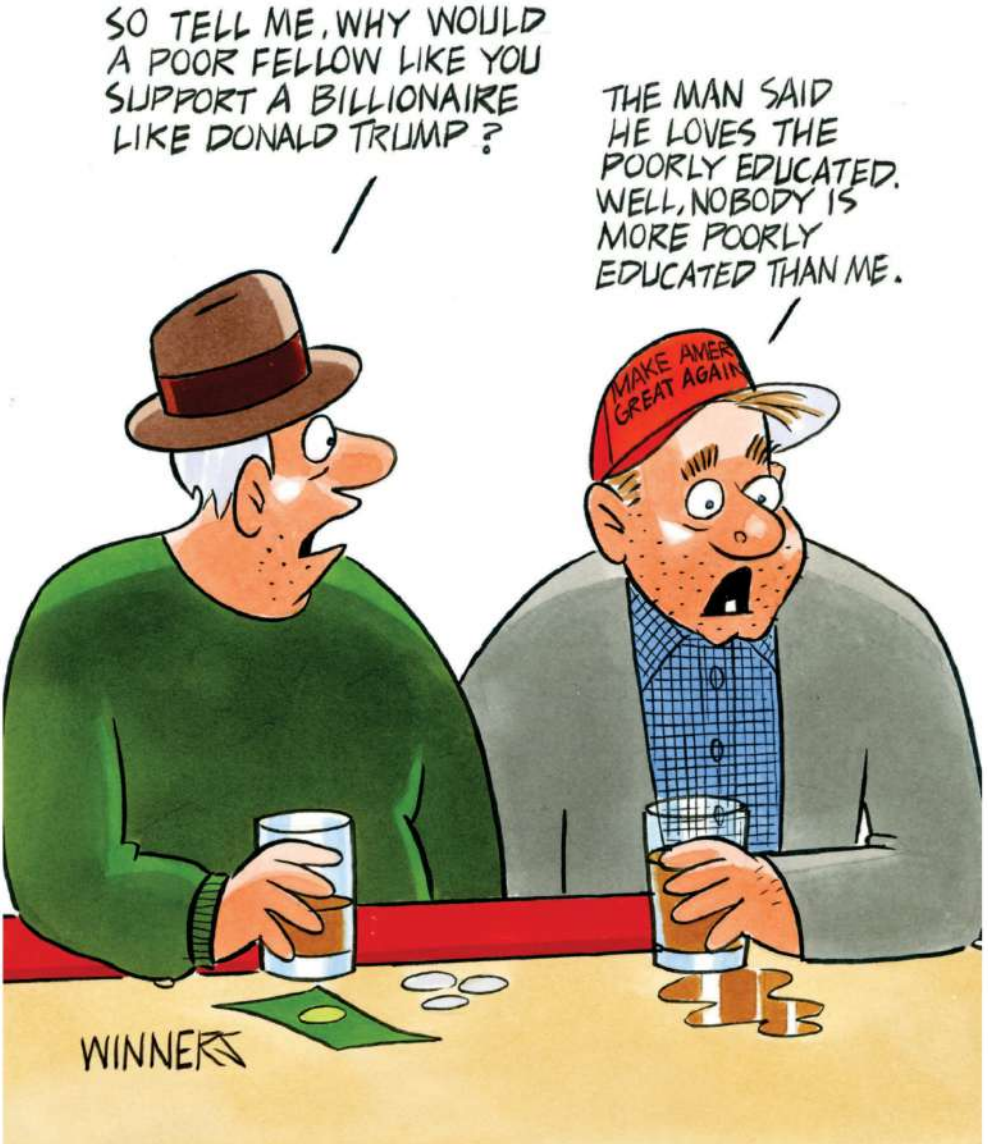
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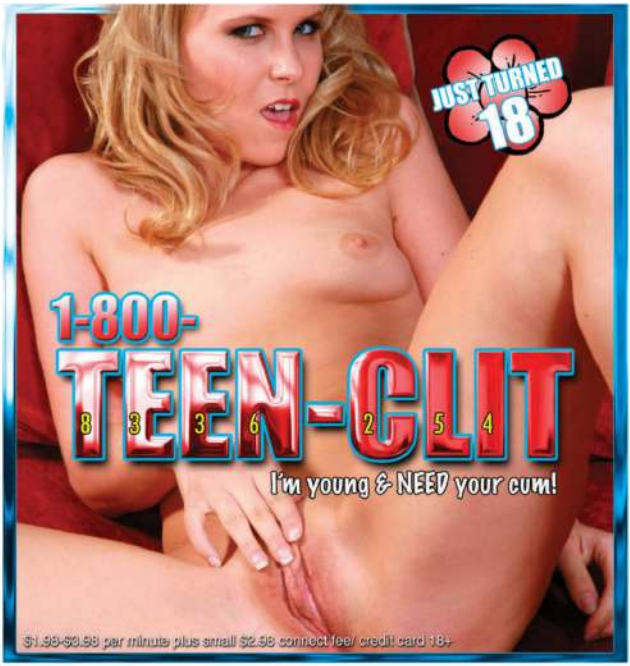
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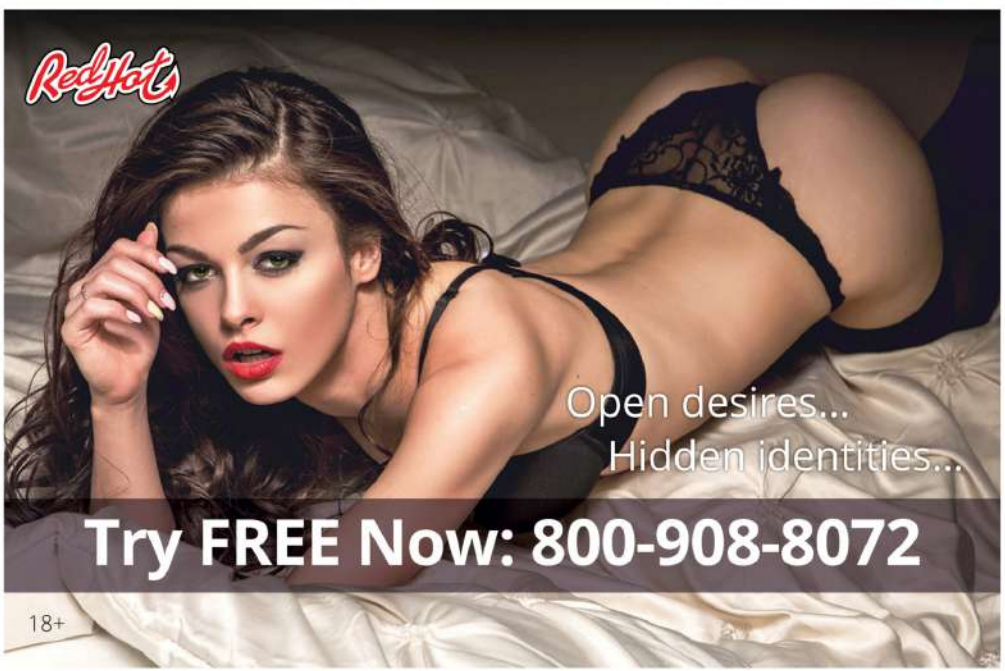
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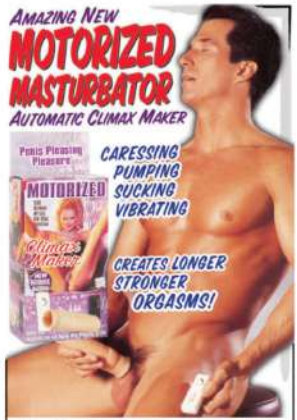

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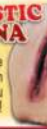

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JAMIE

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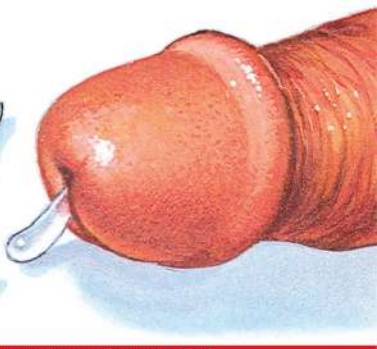
PHOTOGRAPHY BY
MATTI KLATT

Jamie was born in Northridge, California, and enjoys writing short stories. The sexy scribe coos about her recent photoshoot, "They were my slaves for the day. It was an interesting way of being pampered. I've always wanted to be queen of my castle, so it was pretty cool."

Of being oiled down by her shapely servants, the coddled sexpot purrs, "It was so slippery, we could barely stay on the chair." But they had fun trying. "The chair moved back and forth a lot," the 21-year-old nymphet giggles. Still, the princess-for-a-day asserts, "The best thing about my slaves was that they didn't talk because they had ball gags. I really don't like talkative lovers. I prefer to concentrate on the fucking."

Coming SOON



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BRUCE CAMPBELL: BLOODY FUNNY

With Season 3 of *Ash vs Evil Dead* just about to drop, everybody's favorite chainsaw-wielding demon-killer chats with us about his Oregon compound, Wink Martindale dreams and why bloody and funny don't have to be mutually exclusive. Interview by T.S. Farley.

WHAT'S *YOUR* FAVORITE FETISH?

Feet, food, latex, balloons—what's your pleasure? Dive into the world of fetish fantasies with models who live their deepest desires. Tiny man seeks skyscraper-size giantess. Smokers welcome. There's a fetish for everyone. In-depth feature by John Blaylock.

TEEN TEASES

Enjoy the best of cherry-tight twats and sweet mouthful titties. When eager beavers compete to see who can bed the most older men, everybody wins! Starring Olivia Nova, Emma Hix, Carolina Sweets and more. Photography courtesy HUSTLER Video.

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I laid her on her back and expressed strokes of oral fondness to her sweet shaven flower which she seemed to be enjoyably sensitive to. I softly licked and gently sucked the magic emanating from her smooth flowery pedals and applied both simultaneously to budding style until she wriggled away.

★★★★★

★★★★½

★★★★★

After sipping some champaign she retreated to the bathroom to change into an exceptionally hot lingerie outfit. Holy mackerel, the young thing oozed sexuality.

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